

VOICES OF THE NIGHT;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. J. PROCTER.



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P O E M S.

NEW YEAR.

Ah me ! my thoughts are very sad, and sable winged woe
Broods like a nightmare on my heart, and bids my sorrows flow,
All day I seek their forms in vain, and in the silent night
I mourn the friends that never changed, now hidden from my sight.

Can the dead praise Thee in the grave ? The sleepers in the tomb ?
What hymns come up from those who dwell within the nether gloom ?
Now Earth that holds in dark embrace that grim and solemn crowd,
Lies glittering ghastlily herself, wrapt in her snowy shroud ;

A corpse laid out before the Heavens—all cold, all calm, all still ;
Her million veins no longer throb through valley and down hill ;
The waves that laughed to meet the sun, in icy death reposed,
Gleam like the light in dead men's eyes before the lids be closed.

The birds are mute ; the breath of Earth, the sweet and loving Air
Is frozen to a deadly sleep :—the woods stand gaunt and bare ;
The flowers have hid their tender heads, and wheresoe'er I tread,
I seem beneath the crackling snow to trample on the dead.

Oh hark ! upon the startled air the new year's bells ring out
With clang on clang, and peal on peal, a glad triumphal shout :
Hear Earth within thy silent tomb and echo back the cry,
He will not leave us in the Grave—Where is Death's victory ?

And even as the bells clang out a tremor shakes the snow,
Above, below, before, behind, are voices whispering low :
The hills and dales and woods and streams are speaking to the sky,
“ He will not leave us in the Grave—*Where* is Death's victory ?

They cease—those sounds of hope and faith die off from rill and plain,
But Heaven's angelic choirs take up the never ending strain,
“ All glory, honour, praise and power to Him who dwells on high,
He will not leave them in the Grave—*Where* is Death's victory ?

Ring out, ring out, oh happy bells, the glorious theme again,
Our own Redeemer lives and reigns and we shall live and reign ;
He lives—though erst Earth shook with awe to hear His dying breath,
And Death lies prostrate at His feet, for Love can conquer Death.

WHISPERS OF THE NIGHT.

SUNSET.

Sweet love, come forth : the gentle air with many a fond caress
 Glides through the cedar's scented hair, and stirs the larch tree's tress
 The birds are singing vesper songs, and sparkles down the hill
 The many-dimpled laughter of the ever-noisy rill.

The Heavens are girt with rays of fire, the clouds are red with flame,
 O'er hill and dale and wood and stream the splendour burns the same,
 But bright as are the glorious beams that blaze along the skies
 More dear to me the tender light that trembles in thine eyes.

Draw nearer sweet one ! Nearer still ! The red light dies away,
 O'er all the chill struck earth there creeps a sad soft tinge of gray,
 And one by one the birds grow still, and one by one the trees
 No longer whisper lovingly unto the loving breeze.

Oh see ! the sun has left the Heavens and sought his nightly tomb,
 The sky's deep blue grows deeper still, the earth grows dark with gloom.
 And such as is the sun to Heaven, to earth and storm-tossed sea,
 My sun ! my love ! my life ! my all ! such art thou, sweet, to me.

The lowing of the kine is hushed—The babbling waterfall
 Booms like the tolling of the bells above a velvet pall.
 Closer ! There comes a time when love is powerless to save—
 Naught but the perfect Love of God can triumph o'er the grave.

TWILIGHT.

The Heaven's high vault is azure black, no cloud, no stars, no light,
 Naught save the cruel shadows of the ever deep'ning night
 The well loved voice is hushed, and now there speaks instead with me
 The chill wind wailing in its flight across the darkened lea.

Till all my blood grows icy cold, and round the bowed down head
Hovers on grim and ghastly wings the never dying dread ;
The jealous fear that stills the pulse and clogs the heavy breath—
I see the coffin's bridal veil, and I fear my rival—Death :

For as the dark night closes round and all the earth is hid,
Methinks I hear the pattering earth upon the sounding lid.
Father and mother—all are gone, and she alone is left :
Oh Heaven ! what soul can fight life's war of every hope bereft,

E'en as I muse, before my eyes life's saddened mem'ries fall,
As shadows lengthen out and creep along a fire-lit wall :
He knows too well the face of Death, he hears too plain its tread
Whose every tie save one frail hope is mouldering with the dead.

See ! on the far horizon the Eastern wave grows bright ;
There surges up a sea of fire upon the loathly night ;
And o'er the mighty vault above, and o'er the hills below,
The broad full moon pours forth her beams like arrows from a bow.

Till all the plains are bathed in light, and all the sullen wood
Stands forth, a garment ermine tinged, beneath the silver flood ;
And life comes back to earth again where at the first calm rays
The cheeping of the lizards swells a harmony of praise.

MOONLIGHT.

Alone !—yet not alone ! within are doubts and faithless fears,
And thoughts too sad for utterance, and griefs too deep for tears.
Her presence draws me up to Heaven as with a golden chain,
And when she leaves me all alone I sink to Earth again.

They say God gives us things to love—Alas He takes away—
His is the hand that fashioneth, and we are but the clay.
Are all men else resigned, and I the sole rebellious one ?
I too have bent the head before, and said ' Thy will be done.'

And now I bow the head indeed ; alas ! I can but bow,
But grief has seized the bleeding heart, and clouds the sullen brow,
I stand beneath the falling dews alone, bereft, forlorn,
And wait through all the hateful night the scarce less hateful morn.

.....Sweet calm is dreaming in the heavens, sweet sleep enwraps
The moon in peaceful majesty pursues her endless round : [the ground
I seem to hear from plain and stream, and from the clouds above,
Faint whispers of a wondrous tale—words of Eternal Love.

Methinks I heard them once before—the strain is not unknown.
But yet my heart forgets the words—the very notes have flown ;
And still the great moon shouts it out, and still the soft calm breeze
Comes from the deep abyss of Heaven, and sings it to the trees.

STARLIGHT.

The moon has sunk beneath the west, and glancing in her stead
The bright Eternal guards of Heaven are watching over head.
I love the happy happy stars that tremble in the skies—
All night I watch them in the Heavens, all day time in her eyes.

And now the strain comes sharp and clear, unlogged by doubts and fears,
I hear the glorious symphony that swells throughout the spheres,
My whole soul swells to echo back the notes to realms above,
And join all nature in the hymn that tells that God is love.

What ! can a mother hate her child, the child of smiles and tears,
E'en though it rend her loving heart, unchanged through weary years ?
Yea let a mother cease to love, and nature leave her throne,
Yet He will not forget His word—nor God forsake his own.

His own ! and she is one of His, so pure, so fair, so mild,
If e'er God's children tread the Earth she is His loving child—
Yea though He tear my heart away yet will I love and trust,
He will not leave me comfortless—Our God is good and just.

DAWN.

Night dreams along the darkened sky, and reigns in every cloud ;
 A shadow clasps the slumbering earth as with a glossy shroud ;
 The streams are hushed and very still, the flowers are all asleep,
 The sea-bird seeks his treacherous couch and slumbers on the deep.

The very sea is stilled at last and all his troubled waves
 Sleep, though in dreams they sob and wail above their victims' graves ;
 In Heaven and Earth is naught but calm, all things have rest save me,
 Me, in whose breast rage fiercer storms than lash the maddened sea.

Yet as the darkness grows apace and shadows thicker fall,
 From vanished star to vanished star I hear the angels call ;
 Their-rainbow-tinted pinions flash athwart the dazzled sight,
 Their voices swell among the Heavens and wake the sullen night,

' Let there be light !'

Light as of old, when the first glad ray
 Beamed on a fiery and storm tossed day,
 When the earth lay clasped in the mist's embrace,
 And the dark clouds covered her troubled face,

Under their veil the hot seas boiled
 And the grim volcanoes laboured and toiled,
 And ever there went to the Heavens a cry,
 The shriek of Earth's heavy agony,
 Till there echoed suddenly through the sky—

' Let there be light !'

' Let there be light !' How it rushed along
 With its mighty chorus of angel song !
 Speeding its way from the Throne above
 On its message of joy and peace and love ;
 Fain were we to have ushered it on,
 But ere we could bow our heads 'twas gone,

And we saw, where naught that had life had trod,
 The clear sky burst on the grassy sod
 That had wakened to life at the voice of God
 ' Let there be light !'

' Let there be light !'
 Light, as on that immortal day
 When the great atonement was made for aye,
 When the Holy veil was rent in twain,
 And the one true Paschal Lamb was slain :
 When the chain was broke and the captive free,
 And Death swallowed up in victory :
 When the sun grew pale at the awful sight,
 And there came the word through the solemn night
 ' Let there be light !'

Let there be light—there comes a day
 When the Kingdoms of Earth shall pass away,
 When some who shall hear the angel's call
 Shall cry to the rocks and hills to fall—
 But another day to the world is sent
 And those who have sinned may yet repent—
 Hear Sea where thy deep tongued waters boom !
 Hear Earth that sleepest in thy nightly tomb !
 God's voice is speaking through the gloom
 ' Let there be light !'

 LIGHT.

The Eastern sky begins to blush—the cloudlets overhead
 Unfurl a banner Heaven-worked in hues of gold and red,
 And, as the day comes sweeping on and rolls away the night,
 Methinks I hear the angels sing " Det there be light—be light."

Above the far horizon the sun hath risen at last,
And darkness vanishes away as when a dream hath passed ;
The forest rustles to his beams, the streams confess his might,
And yonder hills have heard the words " Let there be light !"—be light.

But in the middle of the plain there towers up on high,
One rugged mountain, mist-enwrapped, that frowns unto the sky ;
And on it droops one sad pale flower amid the rock and stone,
And when it dies the hill must stand, as erst it stood, alone.

Sad hill ! that while thou standest there hast neither love nor rest,
No laughing morn shall come to thee and deck thy sombre crest ;
No bird shall sing sweet songs for thee, but still the chilly air
Shall wail in everlasting notes of sorrow and despair.

But see !—the mist is torn aside,—the clouds are rolled away,
A peak shoots up in rays of fire beneath the orb of day ;
The lark mounts o'er the sunlit crag, and poised on feeble wing
Pours forth such notes of praise and joy as angels love to sing.

'Tis well—I knew the lesson when I heard the angels call,
Though clouds be round about thy path yet God is over all ;
Though yonder rock rise lone and sad above the happy sod,
Is it alone when round it moves an ever loving God ?

All night I heard my rival's voice—I saw the funeral shroud,
My soul was all too weak to pierce beyond the gloomy cloud ;
But now God's angels speak to me and teach me Hope and Faith,
And to His love I trust my love, nor fear my rival, Death.

"WARNINGS."

'I know a maid more lovely far
Than all that else created are,
Fairer than ev'ry fairest thing,
Dearer than early flowers in spring;"

Take care, take care!

Fairest things are false as fair,
Victims of its treachery
Lie beneath the clear blue sea,
Oh flee, oh flee.

Beware the look of sweet surprise
That flashes from those liquid eyes,
Those large soft orbs of hazel hue,
Beware in time, lest late you rue;

Take care, take care!

Fairest things are false as fair,
Turn the head, and pass her by,
Lightning lurks in yonder eye,
Oh fly, oh fly.

The magic of her gentle voice
Bids all the love torn heart rejoice.
Can you not hear a lover's sigh
In each note of the melody?

Beware! beware!

Fairest things are false as fair:
Though the tones be sweet and low,
Well the Siren's song we know,
Oh go! oh go!

WARNINGS.

The silken lustre of her hair
 Gleams through the soft and scented air,
 But go not near the dark brown tress,
 Life is the price of one caress ;

Beware, beware !

Fairest things are false as fair,
 Spiders' webs have silken ray
 Be no fly—make no delay,

Away ! away !

Away, or else thou art undone
 If thou would'at live, begone, begone.
 " Ah me I cannot shun the strife
 What without her were longest life ;

Be still, be still—

Let her slay me, if she will ;
 Be she false, yet what care I
 So that at her feet I die,

I will not fly.

Fly ! does the storm tossed seaman fly
 His longed-for port when waves run high ?
 When Heaven on earth awhile is given,
 Say shall I fly my earthly Heaven ?

Oh no ! oh no !

Though I would, I could not go,
 Though all else should fickle prove,
 She is true as saints above,

I love, I love.

THE CORAL ROCK.

A brave ship danced o'er the Southern sea
With a fair breeze blowing merrily :
For a bridal party, bright and gay
Were sailing home on the wedding day :
But the bride as she gazed on the ocean wide
Clung closer awhile to her husband's side :
For naught is certain in life 'tis said,
And the brightest flowers are first to fade,
And the bride may tremble and hold her breath
For the ship is running a race with Death.

Ah me !

One mile from their death !—and they hurry along
With the sea breeze chanting a merry song ;
And the bride, in her glorious beauty and grace,
Smiles as she looks in her husband's face ;
But the day has come, and the doom is spoken
And the golden tie shall be rudely broken,
For though winds are still and waters deep,
Underneath the sharp rocks sleep ;
And the lobsters crawling along the stones
Know well the crash of wave washed bones.

Ah me !

One inch from their death !—but the sun shines bright,
And the blue sea leaps in the golden light,
Till his wavelets, laughing aloud as they go,
Lazily rise and break into snow,
And the diamond spray from each watery
Leaps up to kiss the lovely girl :

But far beneath in the unstirred sea
The great snake twists in his loathly glee,
And the skeletons moved by the eddying wave
Rise to greet those who have come to their grave.

Ah me!

A crash, and a shriek, and a sobbing gasp
As his victims writhe in the sea-king's clasp;
For rocks are sharp and waters are deep,
And the coral rises abrupt and steep,
And the ocean has lost his tinge of blue,
For the sharks were asked to the banquet too—
But death comes quickly, and sea and air
I have nothing to show what has happened there,
Save where on the laughing and dancing spray
A bridal bonnet goes floating away.

Ah me!

SEA WEED.

NIGHT.

I stood on the ocean beach at night,
Waiting but dreading the morning light,
List'ning to what the waters said,
List'ning alone with bowed down head
For the voice they used was the voice of the dead,
Far o'er the sea.

Hearing upon the sounding strand
The plash of the waves from a distant land,
Hearing the words of the moaning main,
With the chill breeze wailing a low refrain,
Till my whole heart echoed the sorrowful strain,
Far o'er the sea.

Looking out in the dim expanse,
Seeing the dark black waters glance,
Glance, as the sheen of the velvet pall
That covered the sleeping dust of all
That would long for my voice, and would hear me call,
E'en o'er the sea.

Sitting in darkness, alone, and still,
With my thoughts that worked at their own sad will,
Hearing and seeing nothing but this—
The shade of a never forgotten bliss,
The sound of one first, one only kiss,
Far o'er the sea.

Watching alone, for I could not sleep,
Praying that God would grant me to weep,
Bowing down 'neath the solemn sky
Seeking for but one little sigh,
But hearing naught but the sea-bird's cry,
Far o'er the sea.

Seeing clear through the dark'ning night
(Was it my own gloom that made *it* bright?)
Forms that, like clouds when tempest tost,
Crowded around, and passed and crossed,
Phantoms of all I had loved and lost
Far o'er the sea.

Seeing my own home's fireside
Without my mother, its greatest pride;
Looking out with a dull despair
Far off to my own land, and missing there
The sacred gray of my father's hair,
Ah me! ah me!

Missing another, my own, own love
That none but One alone could remove;
She, of her will, had not left me so,
All to myself in my bitterest woe
To sit by the black sea's ebb and flow
Far o'er the sea.

Seeming to tread the forest glade
Where once (did I ever play?) I played,
But seeing a church with moss o'er grown
That casts its shade on a well known stone,
And throwing me down with a heart wrung moan,
Ah me! ah me!

Gone! all gone! and I see no more:
 I would weep, if I could, that the dream is o'er.
 Sad and solemn though it be
 Yet it was company to me,
 But a voice breaks in on my misery,
 "Break o'er the sea."

DAWN.

Break o'er the sea! Break on the night!
 Ever blessed and holy light;
 Shed but one ray, but one joyous beam
 Wherever the eastern waters gleam—
 But one small ray, for the night is dark,
 And the ocean waits for the first bright spark;
 Others are longing too for thee,
 Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh dawn! oh rosy fingered dawn!
 Come up and herald another morn,
 Come, till the dark mists fly away;
 Come, till the night gives place to day;
 Come where the deep black waters boom;
 Come through the veil of the sullen gloom;
 All things are longing, oh light, for thee,
 Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh day! oh happy happy day!
 Chase the gloomy shadows away.
 Though Nature's slumbers seem calm and deep
 There are those on earth who cannot sleep—
 Those who in toil alone are blest—
 Those who in labour alone find rest.
 Hearts that are breaking have need of thee;
 Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh light! oh tender, tender light!
There came a cry through the live long night;
Wherever a mortal foot has trod,
A cry of woe to a loving God,
From those who would drink of the fabled wave
That gives forgetfulness long as the grave.
Sorrowing souls have need of thee,
Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh waves that were moaning all night long,
Break out, and join in the angels song;
Thunder it out with shock on shock
Into the ears of the dull hard rock;
Whisper it low to the far off strand
Where the ripples lazily laugh on the sand,
Till earth shall echo from flower to tree
Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh type of the Everlasting Day!
Come from the East land far away;
The land whence once came a holy voice
Bidding all mourning hearts rejoice;
Come and recall its echoes now,
Flash on the darkened and sullen brow,
Bid all doubts and all sorrows flee,
Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh sun, rise up from thy wat'ry bed!
Rise till the shades of night have fled!
Sweep on, on thy mission, and linger not,
With rays of love, on each sacred spot
Where He, the Pure One, for sinners bled,
Where earth once covered her Maker's head—
He that made thee is calling to thee,
Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

DAY BREAK.

"Sister of sorrow ! sullen night !
 Make room for the path of the happy light—
 Clouds that brood along the sky,
 Break at the sight of me and fly :
 Scatter and break, that the earth may view
 The emblem of love in the sky's deep blue ;
 But first, ere ye seek another home,
 Give back my blush to the wooing foam—
 See me, wheresoever ye be,
 Waves of the sea ! Waves of the sea !

Rise up, oh laughing ocean spray
 To chase and to catch the sun's glad ray ;
 Catch me and clasp me and send me along
 From wave to wave with a loving song ;
 Speed me along till ye can no more,
 And we break in diamonds on the shore.
 Others may woo me, wherever I go,
 But I sprang to love on the waters flow,
 And I am yours who welcomed me
 Waves of the sea ! Waves of the sea !

Mists that brooded upon the sod
 Flee at the voice of the light giver, God—
 Types of the doubts of the human heart,
 Light is coming apace, depart !
 Melt away in the sunlit air
 As the morning rises, bright and fair ;
 The glad, glad morning that ever brings
 Solace and hope on her flame tinged-wings—
 Sing to the earth wherever ye be
 Waves of the sea ! Waves of the sea !

Oh trees ! oh silent and sullen trees
I come on the wings of the cool sea breeze—
The wind that, where the pine trees soar,
Seems like the voice of the ocean's roar.
When the night covered your leaf-crowned brow
Ye longed for the light that is coming now ;
Wake up, that I may revel awhile
In the pride of the forest monarch's smile—
The ripple that brings ye back to me
Waves of the sea ! Waves of the sea !

Oh rills ! oh merry merry rills !
Snatch my first gleams from the wooded hills ;
Carry me on as ye swiftly flow
Down to the valleys that lie below ;
Chatter and scold at the laughing brink,
Sprinkle the bird as he comes to drink,
Whirl down rock and pebble and sand,
But carry me on to the meadow land,
Ye sisters of those who are dear to me,
Waves of the sea ! Waves of the sea !

Oh flowers ! oh simple meadow flowers,
Marking with sweets the passing hours !
Open your buds to the morning's love,
To the light that is given by Him above.
Oh daisy ! lift up thy modest eye
To meet the rays that look down from the sky :
Oh queen of the wild flowers ! oh buttercup
I am gilding thy gold—look up, look up—
Methinks that I see as I sweep o'er the lea
Waves of the sea ! Waves of the sea

Oh birds! on ev'ry forest bough
 The morning beam is shining now;
 Too long has your soft wing sheltered the head—
 The day has come and the chill night fled:
 Timid and fluttering things that none
 Could have kept from your foes save Him alone,
 (Him who knows when a sparrow dies),
 Lead earth's hymn to the list'ning skies;
 And ye too join in the melody,

Waves of the sea! Waves of the sea!

Waves of the sea, that never rest,
 Ye know the love of the Highest best;
 Though ye be strong, and the ship be frail,
 What without Him can your force avail?
 Oh oceans thunder your fiercest shock
 Ye cannot prevail against our Rock!
 Though the tempest may howl and rave,
 Though ye threaten with wave on wave,
 He rules you, storm tossed though ye be,

Waves of the sea! Waves of the sea!

Far o'er the tossing waters sweeps the happy blush of day,
 The blue waves ripple in the light and break in snowy spray,
 And to the sunlit mountain peaks, and o'er the flow'ry sward,
 The firmament proclaims thy work, the Heavens thy glory Lord.

The birds break out in grateful song, the flow'rets stud the vale,
 Sweet music echoes through the woods, sweet perfumes load the gale:
 I *hate* the bright and busy day at whose approach have fled
 My only solace of the night—the spectres of the dead.

Fled, leaving but a blank behind! In all my dull despair
 Through yonder solemn night I saw their faces in the air:
 In night I heard them speak to me, in night they lived again,
 Now day that brings all else relief, to me brings fiercer pain.

As one who wrapped in seeming death, all stiff, all cold, all dumb,
Sees with unutterable pangs the well loved mourners come,
Feels the last kiss of wife and child and sees the funeral pall,
And hears the cold screw gnawing through the coffin's wooden wall ;

Till all seems dark around him, and all the world is hid—
No sound except the patt'ring of the earth upon the lid,
And sense itself dies off, till swift and sudden on his night
Sweeps in upon the throbbing brain a flash of living light.

Light that shall heap up higher still the bitter cup of death—
Life ! that the new made grave may heave above his gasps for breath—
Oh light ! what part hast thou in me, whose inmost heart strings bleed,
Me, who am floating on life's wave, storm tossed like yonder weed.

Less than the storm rent weed that lives through all the ocean's strife,
I float bereft alike of care and love, and hope, and life,
She could have taught me higher things, but now I learn no more—
All love has left me and I drift upon the eternal shore.

“ Weeds of the sea ! weeds of the sea !
Floating where ocean leaps in glee,
Here sitteth one all sullen and wan—
Come and speak to the desolate man—
Come from the far off coral isles
Where the long summer reigns and smiles !
Come from the chalk of the eastern caves !
Come from the ice-cold northern waves !
He who made ye, makes use of ye
Weeds of the sea ! Weeds of the sea !

“ Lofty shrubs and trees are we,
Forests of the mighty sea.
Stretching to the sunlit air
Leafless trunks and branches bare :

Underneath our pale green groves
Of the purple mullet roves :
Midst our stems the huge whales roam,
O'er our heads the fierce waves foam,
Raving round each ocean tree
Kept by Him who rules the sea.

Fragile waifs and strays are we,
Playthings of the mighty sea.
Living, blooming, fathoms deep
Where the restless waters sleep :
Stretching upwards fathoms high
Where the sea raves ceaselessly :
Gathering round the coral walls
Where the endless breaker falls :
Spreading out, secure and free,
Watched by Him who rules the sea.

When the deep blue waters dance
Underneath the sunbeams glance,
And the foam that tipped their crest
Melts, and sinks, and dies in rest—
When the breezes fall away
Sighing for the sleeping spray,
In the sea-light, faint and dim,
From His weeds there goes a hymn—
E'en Thy seaweed blesses Thee,
Loving ruler of the sea.

When the tempest, fierce and dread,
Thunders o'er our bowed down head ;
And the ocean lifts on high
Liquid mountains to the sky,
Rending in his rage and pain
Weeds that ne'er shall live again,

Then we look to Him above,
Living in His living love,
Weeds, oh master ! though we be
Naught is small or great to Thee.

We, the weeds, can trust—and thou
Sitting there with sullen brow :
Hearing but the moaning main !
He who loves thee, grants thee pain.
Country, parents, wife, are gone
He can fill thy void alone
He is standing by thy side,
Knocks and will not be denied—
In His name we speak to thee,
We, the out-casts of the sea !”

WILD FLOWERS.

Flowers of the happy spring
Blooming where the wild birds sing,
Raising up your fragile buds
Underneath the storm scathed woods,
Shining from the rugged stone
By the velvet moss o'ergrown,
Glancing to the sun's bright ray
Where last autumn's leaves decay,
Creeping o'er the sunburnt hills,
Gleaming by the babbling rills,
Decked with diamonds by the rains,
Listen to your lover's strains.

Ere the snow has swooned away
Little flowrets grace the day,
Lifting up a blushing eye
To the wooing of the sky.
Ere the spring has well begun,
Ere the sugar sap has run,
Where the dead leaves first appear,
There the May flower hails the year.
So when life's fierce tempests blow,
And our soul sinks 'neath the snow,
Ere its chill hath passed away
God sends hope to greet our day.

Violets! blue violets!
Who that sees ye e'er forgets
How he toils who seeks ye, where
Sweetest fragrance scents the air;

WILD FLOWERS.

Looking long, and looking far
When beneath his feet ye are,
Glancing as the deep sea gleams
Underneath the noonday beams?
Coy and shy beneath the sun,
Dreading, willing to be won,
Who that sees ye e'er forgets
Violets, blue violets?

Buttercup! proud buttercup!
From thy meadow-grass look up!
Haughty, love compelling Queen,
Not for thee to woo, I ween:
Flashing, when the sun looks down,
Myriad rays from golden crown,
Yet in all thy glorious pride
Clinging to the children's side:
Type of Him who reigns above
In His all-constraining love,
In His mercy sweet and mild
Deigning to the weakest child.

Frailest of the flowers that be
Fragile wood-anemone!
Giving to the loving light
Sweetest green, and sweetest white;
Hiding underneath the trees,
Shrinking from the mildest breeze,
Rising up to greet the morn
From the tangled briar and thorn,
Springing like the soul of man
From life's thicket, pale and wan,
He, oh wood-anemone,
Cares for man, who cares for thee.

Flowers! oh blessed, blessed flowers,
Marking with your sweets the hours;
Blooming 'neath the sun's glad rays,
Cry aloud your Maker's praise;
Hidden in your leafy bower
Praise Him, earliest May-flower;
Peeping through your mossy net
Praise His name, blue violet;
Love-compelling buttercup,
Teach thy lovers to look up;
Praise Him, frail anemone,
Lord of worlds who cares for thee.

PAST AND PRESENT.

I thirst, I pant, I die alone,
Sending to the skies my moan ;
Crying to the Heavens above
For the want of earthly love !
Hear me Master, ere I die,
In my need and agony.

Stars ! oh peaceful, peaceful stars,
Looking on the soul's dire wars,
Calm, and still, and passionless,
Gazing on my deep distress,
Bear ye witness in the sky
To my need and agony.

Sun ! oh bright and glorious sun !
Listen ere thy race be run :
Speeding through the viewless air
To our Maker shrick my prayer !
Flash it out before I die
In my need and agony.

Seas ! oh busy restless seas.
Tossed by every gentle breeze—
Tossed like me, in storm and woe—
Hear me, where your waters flow ;
Tell to him who rules the sea
All my need and agony.

Earth ! oh mother earth rise up
Ere I drink the flitter cup.
Thou that tellest in thy course
Tales of sin and dire remorse,
Hear me ! for I pant and die
In my need and agony.

Is there not one refuge ? one ?
Must I die unloved, alone ?
If I have not earthly love,
Shall I hope for that above ?
Nature ! love me else I die
In my need and agony.

Nature ! Dearest Nature, teach
What the refuge in my reach—
All thy children look to Heaven ;
Mother ! let thy veil be riven—
None have I to love but thee,
Help my need and agony.

“ Ev’ry rill, and ev’ry sod
Speaks our great Creator, God—
He hath wrought and fashioned thee,
He hath wrought and fashioned me,
Child and sinner ! how can I
Help thy need and agony.”

“ Yet thy mother speaks to thee,
Counselling thy misery :—
To my God I send a hymn—
In thy sin, oh go to Him :
Hill and vale and river cry,
“ Turn dear child, and do not die.”—

"Cry with God's own voice, 'Repent,'
Other days to thee are sent
Thou, who pin'st for earthly love,
What is that to His above?
He can bid thy forrows fly—
All thy need and agony.

Yes! but what am I but man?
What was he since earth began?
Ere Adam slept his last long sleep
God gave one to love and keep,
Parents, wife, are not for me
In my need and agony.

Is man born to love alone?
Are there none to love him? none?
I can love my mother sod;
I can love my father's God;
Who is there to care for me
In my need and agony.

Yet I love: from earliest birth
Love must bind to Heaven and earth:
Who is there that gives me back
What I give but what I lack?
Who will love me, lest I die
In my need and agony.

SONG OF THE RIFLEMEN (VOLUNTEER.)

Crack of rifle and clang of sword
 Sound o'er England's flowery sward :
 Through the valley and hill kept glen
 Tramp of horses and hum of men—
 Squadrons forming, but not in fear,
 Because of the war storm drawing near.

Storms ! storms ! keep to the plain !
 Come not near England's cliffs again
 Lest ye scatter in tears—not rain.

Roll among the fire scathed pines
 Crowning the rugged Apennines
 Roar of cannon and crash of war—
 Storm though it be, let it keep afar !
 Our bodies are England's, our souls are God's,
 And our bayonets are our lightning-rods.

Storms ! storms ! keep to the plain !
 Come not near England's cliffs again,
 Lest ye scatter in tears—not rain.

Though we have a dear ally
 Let him think ere he pass us by !
 We can laugh at atyrant's nod
 Trusting but in ou rselves and God.
 English hearts beat stout and true—
 Stormsthat come here may have cause to rue.

Storms ! storms ! keep to the plain !
 Come not near England's cliffs again
 Lest ye scatter in tears—not rain.

VOICES OF THE DAY.

DAWN.

No voices sound along the vale, no voices on the hills,
Naught save the sleepy murmurs of the ever drowsy rills;
The sea is silent at my feet; above the cloudlets lie
In sluggish folds of grey, that mark the dreaming of the sky.

Last evening as the sun went down, all nature rang again
With birds upon the tree clad hills, and oxen on the plain,
Till last of all the nightingale sang vesper-hymns, and then
I heard the bull-frog in the marsh, the lizard in the fen.

And these two sought their midnight rest 'neath tufts of grass and stone,
And, as the shadows thicker closed, I kept my watch alone;
Yet tho' all living things were still, o'er earth and sky and sea
I knew the never sleeping night was keeping watch with me.

But now it is no longer night, though all things are asleep:
I see, where ocean touches Heaven, the blood of morning creep;
And there the cloudlets wake at last as maidens wake to love,
Till blush on blush comes burning up and warms the grey above.

And higher steals the tell tale blush, and higher still, and higher,
Till all the eastern sky bursts forth in blood and gold and fire,
And one by one the birds peep up from underneath the wing,
Then leave the shadows of the trees, and flutter forth, and sing.

Yet, dearest one! though wanting thee, all weary seem the hours,
Wake not until the morning sun woos out thy sister flowers:
Sleep on, my own; the dawn of love has long since risen for thee;
Sleep on, but dream, and in thy dreams think lovingly of me.

DAY DREAMS.

Let me dream for awhile,
Ere she wakes up for me,
Catching the sun-beam's smile,
Hearing the laughing sea ;
Dream of the joy to come,
Dream of a loving bride,
Sitting with me at home
By my own fireside,
Still my delight to come,
Whatever else may betide :

Watching the diamond spray
Leap in the morning light ;
However bright be the day
My dreams are yet more bright.
I have a dear one—one
Who can drive away care,
I pity the radiant sun,
Sun, no partner may share :
Sun, that is speeding alone
Through the desolate air.

Sweet are the songs that ring
Wak'ning forests and groves ;
Birds in the garden sing
Over the plants that she loves :
From thy nest in the tree
Little one do not start,
She who has fondled thee
Lives and reigns in my heart,
Soon to be joined to me
Never, oh never to part !

Soon to be all my own,
 Leaning on but *my* arm,
 I, and I alone,
 To stand between her and harm—
 —What was the gloom o'er head
 Shadowing where I lie?
 Was it a cloud that fled
 Over the happy sky,
 Leaving me sick with a nameless dread
 And a fear, I know not why?

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Wake and rise! wake and rise!
 O'er the Eastern mountains' head
 All the clouds that veiled the skies
 Burn in gold, and blush in red.
 Nature calls us, 'Wake and rise!
 'Shake off sleep, make no delay;
 'Hasten! hasten! hasten! hasten!
 'Cometh on the day!'

Watch and pray! watch and pray!
 Though to yonder hills the sun
 Brings the dawn from far away,
 And his race be but begun,
 Angels whisper 'Watch and pray!
 'Though the morn be very bright,
 'Listen! listen! listen! listen!
 'Cometh on the night!'

Break in song! break in song!
 Wheresoe'er the sunbeams glance,
 Cool sea-winds blow fresh and strong,
 And the streamlets laugh and dance.

Nature calls us, 'Break in song
'With the birds on ev'ry spray,
'Hasten ! hasten ! hasten ! hasten !
'Cometh on the day !'

Calm and low, calm and low,
Through the joyous hum of day,
Where the cool sea-breezes blow,
Where the streamlets catch the ray,
Angels whisper calm and low
Through the songs that hail the light,
'Listen ! listen ! listen ! listen !
'Cometh on the night !'

Bask in joy ! bask in joy !
Light knows naught of woe or ill.
Storm and darkness may annoy,
Now the sky is bright and still.
Nature calls us, 'Bask in joy !
'Use the hours while yet ye may
'Hasten ! hasten ! hasten ! hasten !
'Cometh on the day !'

Hope, but fear ! hope, but fear !
Though the heavens overhead
Stretch all bright and calm and clear,
They are list'ning to night's tread.
Angels whisper, 'Hope, but fear !
'When the day is at its height,
'Listen ! listen ! listen ! listen !
'Cometh on the night !'

Watch and pray ! watch and pray !
Say the voices of the dead,
Tremble lest ye be astray
From the path when life has fled !

Angels whisper, 'Watch and pray!
Pray for God to guide ye right
'Listen! listen! listen! listen!
'Cometh on the night!'

NIGHT.

Oh, Earth! Earth! Earth! Hear me, for I will speak!
Oh, cruel Heavens, stifle not my cry!
Shout, mountains, from each light'ning-blasted peak,
My agony!

Oh, ever-vexed, foaming sea, be still!
My cries shall drown the roaring of thy wave:
The mightier sorrow gives the mightier will,
And I will rave.

Oh, rocks; oh, brother rocks, give back my moan:
I saw a flash come from a cloudless sky
That fell on me, and blasted me to stone,
That cannot die.

Dead! dead!—But who? Is it not I am dead?
Methinks I am, and yet I think and feel—
My thoughts strike fire within my aching head
Like flint and steel.

Oh, cursed, cursed be my natal morn,
Well ushered in with tempest and with gloom,
When they cried out, Behold a child is born!
Yes—for the tomb!

I stand benumbed beneath my deadly ill,
With fire that leaps and crackles in my brain;
A fire that gnaws, and gnaws, and will not kill,
But feeds my pain.

I *will* not stand with head and spirit bowed,
 Yet language fails me in my misery :
 Oh, for a million tongues to cry aloud

Before I die.

I *will* not lose her thus! she *shall* not go!
 'She is not dead, but sleepeth. She will hear :
 'Look up, my own, and smile away my woe ;
 Thy love is near.'

Dead! Dead! Forever dead! and I remain
 A death in life, to live in death alone—
 Saith not the Preacher that all things are vain,
 All things are gone.

I know what chaos is—I see it round :
 I feel the jar of elemental strife :
 I tread no longer on the solid ground—
 Oh, love! oh, wife!

Would I had died for thee! yet am I dead ;
 For in thy death I die a thousand times,
 And, being so, surround thy dying head
 With mournful rhymes.

But never, never, never more to sing :
 I sang, I dreamt, I laboured but for thee,
 And Heaven has broken by thy death my string
 Of melody.

And so I pour my sorrows into verse,
 Like dying swan whose accents rise and swell.
 Oh, deathless Death! oh never-ending curse,
 Since Adam fell!

I rave,—who would not, losing her ? But now
A holier sorrow comes upon my mind ;
A grief that, while it rests upon my brow,
Leaves Death behind.

And thus I know her spirit speaks with mine :
She could not leave me in my agony.
Where is, O Death, that boast'st that all are thine,
Thy victory ?

MIDNIGHT.

Oh, that the still and silent mountain-tops
Would bow themselves and hear me ! that their peaks,
Storm-scathed with fire and water, would come down,
And bury me beneath them ! that the earth,
Opening her blackest and most lonely cave,
Would bring my desolation to her own,
And swallow me to darkness, and a night
Brighter than all my days ! or that the sea,
That raves for those who love and wish to live,
Would clasp me in his icy-cold embrace,
And let me toss about and moan with him !

Last night I went to see her, and a storm
Of wind and rain came sweeping down the road,
And tore up barns and strongly-rooted trees,
But came not near me. I was fearful then :
I longed to see the well-beloved face
Before God took her from me : knowing not
That some men bear within themselves a woe
That keeps death at a distance, and is safe.
And now I long for what I feared ; and yet
Men have at hand a million ways to die,
But only cowards use them : I will bear.

Why, there's a grim delight in suffering,
 (Would all the world could feel the joy with me!)
 And I can tear me from my suffering self,
 And stand, a curious looker-on, and watch
 A human heart that palpitates, and throbs,
 And bleeds beneath the heavy strokes of Heaven,
 Knowing it is my own, and laugh to see
 The fruitless struggles of a loving soul
 That had but one frail hope, and sees it fade.
 I say that there is laughter in the thought
 That hearts, that Heaven dissects while yet alive,
 Cannot beat quietly beneath the knife
 They know they cannot flee from. If I hold
 My hand within the fierce devouring flame,
 The body knows the all-constraining will,
 And, while the pangs go through it, gives no sign
 Save by the crackling of the nerves; but now,
 Place but the soul upon the fire of grief,
 And lo, it screams and struggles! Puny thing!
 Well, let it scream, and I will stand and laugh.—
 Oh, love! oh, light! oh, life! oh, Heaven on Earth!
 Would He would slay me on thy new-made grave,
 And let me rest a little while with thee!

II.

Oh, that my whole dark soul could open out,
 And pour itself upon this living world
 In waves of desolation! that my night
 (Strange night that broods on me in clouds of fire)
 Could come upon the things that love the light,
 And clasp them as it clasped me, and burn!
 Oh, that I bore within myself the power,
 As great as is my will, to scathe and blast,
 That men might hate and fear me, as I hate

The very sight of men and all they love !
Be still, oh Earth ! though once indeed I heard
Thy words, and communed with thee, knowing all
The whispers of the flowers, the streams and woods,
And all the voices of the birds, and all
That came in waves and harmonies of light
From yonder stars above us ; drinking in
Love's food from them, and joining all their words
To mine, that I might pour my whole soul forth
Before her feet, and deck her with a crown,
That, all unworthy of her as it was,
No emperor could give her ; yet be dumb !
For now am I alone, unnatural,
Standing bereft beside a new-made grave :
Therefore be hushed before my bitter woe,
Before the sharp mysterious pang with which,
Like me, thou groan'st and travaillest ;—be still,
And preach thy petty comfort unto those
Whose misery seeks pity—mine does not,
But, like the flame-encircled scorpion,
Uses its biting poison on itself,
Through rage it cannot torture something else.

When first my mother died I wept aloud,
Thinking that there was nothing left to pierce
The hearts God's wisdom lacerates ; but then
All suddenly there came a black-edged note
That held a scanty lock of silver hair,
And told his death who nourished me ; and so
I suffered mutely, like my own grim crest,
The otter, dying underneath the bites
Of yelling hounds, that gives nor sound nor sign.
But now—would God that I could speak my thoughts,
And cry until the dead rise up to hear,
That I might see her once again. Oh Earth !
Cover not thou my blood, for I am lost,

Losing in her my Heaven ; therefore Earth
 Add one more chapter to thy grievous tale,
 And cry to thy Creator, if perchance
 He deign to hear thee, *who seems deaf to me.*
 Oh, skies, bend down and listen to a cry
 That wails and shivers through your cruel calm,
 I speak to my Destroyer ; Him who lives,
 And gave me life and love, to shatter both.
 But be not deaf ! I will not say a word
 To murmur at His wise omnipotence,
 Only to ask " Why didst Thou give me love,
 And takest all my food of love away
 To slay me with a hunger yet more fierce
 Than that which racks the body ? " 'Tis not much.
 And I am very meek and all resigned.—
 Oh, love ! oh, light ! oh, life ! oh, Heaven on Earth !
 Would he would slay me on thy new-made grave,
 And let me rest a little while with thee !

III.

I sing as swans do when they float to death :
 Methought that men in sorrow could not sing,
 But now I see my error, knowing that
 The deepest weight of sorrow opens out
 Fountains within the soul, that find their vent
 In telling all their moanings in such words
 As best befit the sacredness of grief,
 And force all men to share it. Let them share :
 I cannot bear such heavy pain alone,
 But seek for comfort, like a foolish child,
 Knowing there *is* no solace for my woe :
 Knowing that Job, in loss of lands, and wealth,
 And dearest children, had some things to love,
 And friends to love him ; though, indeed, their names

Are held by us in scorn—"Job's Comforters!"
And yet they loved him. I have neither friends,
Nor lands, nor wealth, nor children, and alas
Our God has rent the band that He had wrought.
There are some men who fancy that they know
What sorrow is; because, when revelling
In untold wealth of love, and life, and joy,
God takes a little from their treasures—wife,
Or child, or mother; so they come to those
Whom He hath blasted, as the lightning blasts
And melted into lava, speaking thus:
"We too have suffered, we can sympathize;
"But give not way to passionate distress,
"Look upwards for relief, remember Job."
Oh, men! that put the fire out with oil,
What was Job's sorrow unto mine! and I,
Like him, will curse the day that I was born,
And use God's words to tell my utter grief,
For God alone can tell it: "Let the day
"Be darkness, and a shadow as of death
"Brood on it: let the blackness of its night
"Sit like a ghastly phantom—terrible,
"And striking it with awe: let all its night
"Be solitary, never hearing words
"Of joy or gladness: let it be expunged
"From out the list and calendar of days,
"Because it shut not up my mother's womb,
"Nor hid my future sorrow from mine eyes."
So would I speak and die; and in her death,
Dying would find my one last ray of joy.
E'en while I cry, my heart has sought her grave;
And, like a dove that flutters to her nest,
Sore wounded, to her dear ones, so do I
Flutter to her dear coffin, and lie down
Beneath the grass that takes the dew of Heaven

And rains it down in pity on me. God
 Grant me that, if I may not die with her,
 I live with her again. Oh, would I were
 One sod that falls upon her coffin, so
 We never, never should be separate.
 In ancient times they bound the parricide
 Unto the body that he should have loved,
 And left him, living, to corruption. Would
 That I could claim the same dear law, and die
 With her lips fastened unto mine—she dead
 Alas, but I alive!—for death through her
 Is welcome as sweet showers to thirsty lands.
 Oh, love! oh, life! oh, light! oh, Heaven on Earth!
 Would He would slay me on thy new-made grave,
 And let me rest a little while with thee!

IV.

Pray God for that one mercy—that I die
 Clasp her tombstone. Is it much to ask?
 I yield her unto Heaven, and am glad
 That Heaven takes her from me, giving me
 Unto that Hell on Earth that drags to Hell:
 Thanking Him for His curses, so that she
 May live and reign for ever. So be it.
 Could I not give up life and soul for her,
 I should not love her. But I do; I do.
 Oh, grant me this, that by her grave I die;
 And, dying, give her name unto the world
 To live for ever, though I die—I die.
 "God gives us things to love," they say: what then,
 If He resume His gifts and take away;
 And, having taught the silly heart to learn
 That love is life, and without love is death,
 Rend with unsparing hand each tie to life,
 And doom His playthings to a living tomb?

Let others feign to kiss the lifted rod,
Wearing above their bitter hearts the face
Of resignation ; I cannot do so.
The greatness of my sorrow strips me bare
Of all the coverings that mask our life ;
And should I say I gladly give her up,
I'd lie like Judas. Oh, my love ! my soul !
My only tie to Heaven or to Earth ;
My darling, dearer than all things most dear !
Would he would slay me on thy new-made grave,
And let me rest a little while with thee !

V.

Be still ! Perhaps she hears me in the grave,
And my lamentings break her angel-sleep ;
Or rather say she listens from the Heavens
And cannot sing His praises as she would,
Because she hears my sorrow ; for I know
He lets my angels think of me, and oft
When I have wept myself to sleep, He sends
Their faces to my dreaming ; then I smile
And bless him for His mercy, seeing them ;
And when the sun peeps in and bids me wake,
I press upon mine eyelids with my hands
To shut him out, and keep them still with me,
For angels vanish when the sunlight comes.
And so I know they think of me sometimes,
And come, that I may not be desolate ;
And I will cover up my bitter woe
Lest she should see and grieve for it. My own !
I would not vex thee in a thought ! And yet
How can I hide it, when her heart and mine
Are one, and lie together in one grave ?
My love ! my light ! my life ! my Heaven on Earth !
Mine yet ! mine always ! How we laugh to scorn

My rival, petty tyrant that he is,
That clasps thee in the grave-yard,—knowing not
That hearts once joined by God, nor Death nor Hell,
Nor aught save God himself, can separate ;
And when he grasps thee, that he folds us both
In that embrace, and presses us the more
Closely together—life and heart and soul.
For Love is stronger still than death, and breaks
The prison of the grave, and burns and shines
Above the loved one's coffin ; laughing at
The gloom of dank corruption ; seeing naught
But her who whilom lived, and moved, and loved,
And watching till the day of judgment, when
E'en death shall be engulfed in victory,
And love shall reign for ever. Oh, my life !
Pray God in Heaven, as we do pray on Earth,
That He will hasten on the glorious day,
And never, never separate us more.

VI.

I went into the garden she had kept
And tended, ere the fell destroyer came
To wither all her grace (that cursed One,
That steals upon his victims like a cat,
And plays with them and mocks their fruitless pangs,
Looking from out the bright brown eyes with fire
That shows the more the two dark rings around,—
The rings that mark the marriage of the grave—
Painting the damask beauty of the cheek
With colours lovelier than health can give,
And gnawing at the vital founts of breath
Until he slays his victim, inch by inch),
And there, amid the flowers she loved, I saw
Her very emblem ; for a damask rose,

Giving her fragrance to the wooing air
 From all her glorious blossoms, stood alone
 With withered leaflets—not one speck of green—
 And bloomed amid destruction, while the worm
 Gnawed daily at her roots. Oh, love! oh, life!
 Would I could press thee to my heart as close
 As I do press this blossom that I plucked
 From off this rose-tree! Since thou could'st not live,
 Would we had died together!—side by side
 Mocking the cruelty of Heaven with love,
 Unparted, unextinguishable by
 The grave where thou art lonely now, my own.
 Yet do not sorrow; wait a little while
 And I will join thee also—not as those
 Who dare not live and bear their agony:
 But there are times when grief o'ershoots the mark,
 And, while it probes the lacerated heart,
 Sees suddenly that quiver of the nerve
 That tells that all is over. So make room,
 Sweet bride; for lo! my rival stands by me,
 And reads our marriage-service. Blessed Heaven!
 And did I call thee cruel? I was mad!
 There is not in thy richest mercies one
 Greater than this thou grantest—that I die.
 Oh, love! oh, life! oh, light! oh, Heaven on Earth!
 Soon shall I come unto thy new-made grave,
 And rest in peace a little while with thee.

VII.

"Heaven gains another angel; so rejoice."
 Let Heaven rejoice that gains her. We below
 Have none so many that we need be glad
 When one goes from us. She on earth was one
 Of Heaven's own angels. Wherefore should she go

And leave a void behind her, to be filled,
Perhaps, by devils? Wherefore was she sent,
That we, in knowing all her worth, should know
How great our loss in losing her, and feel
Our gain—of desolation? Does a man
Rejoice when flowers die? or rainbows fade?
Or when a meteor, filling all the sky
With light too lovely for the world, departs
And leaves black night behind it? Why, what fools
Are all these would-be comforters—(what's this
That stills my woe and speaks instead?)—"that think
"They can relieve the grief that God Himself
"Waits long before He handles, leaving it
"To weary out its madness ere He speaks;
"And even then He speaks in lowest tones,
"Touching the sore, that shrinks from ev'ry touch,
"With fingers gentler than a mother's, while
"He soothes the wilful child, and shows it that
"She is not dead, but sleepeth'; pointing out
"The loved one's figure beckoning her love,
"With eyes in which the light of Heaven shines,
"To come and join her in her praise of Him."
And when rebellion at the sight is still,
And all the soul grows calmer, though it yearns
To join her on the instant, thou who speak'st
In words that lay my sorrow, say what then?
"Then when the heart will hear His word, He speaks
"More plainly, saying 'Learn to suffer first,
"And so to strive with Me, that Peace and Joy
"May reign at last upon my vexèd earth';
"And thus the child goes forth to do, and bear
"All things his Father willeth, with the calm
"Of holy sorrow nestling at his heart,
"Until the end arriveth. Then *our* God
"Clasps him in close embraces, whispering—

"Oh, child! oh, dearest child! and didst thou think
 "Thy Father wounded thee except in love?"
 "While those who stand around the dying bed
 "Draw nearer, and behold with joyful awe
 "A placid smile upon the dead man's face."

Said I not well my loved one came to me?
 She came amid my madness. Oh, my God,
 Forgive me all my murmurs. Let me live,
 And live to do thy bidding. Let me be
 A beacon in life's tempest. Wheresoe'er
 Hearts break beneath their heavy weight of woe,
 There send me, Lord, and teach me what to say,
 That Thou, not I, may'st comfort. Oh, my love,
 Leave not the Heaven again to soothe my grief,
 But sing His praise who doeth all things well,
 Until I join thee; looking down, at times,
 To see me toiling up the hills to thee.
 Hear me, O Earth! O seas! O rocks! O vales!
 And echo forth the summons, "Ye who mourn,
 Your Lord has need of you to comfort those
 Whom He has wounded; therefore come with me.
 I see a cross that stands on Calvary,
 With little ones beneath it. Take them up;
 Each one his brother's. Rise and let us go."
 Oh, love! oh, life! oh, light! oh, Heaven in Heaven!
 Our love shall triumph through the Love of God.
 Wait but a little while. I come to thee.

FINIS.

EVENING HYMN.

Thou, whose never-sleeping eye
 Pierces through obscurity,
 And whose never-ending love
 Guards thy children from above,
 Now I lay me down to rest—
 Bless me, and I shall be blest !
 Watch me, Father, till I wake ;
 Keep me for my Saviour's sake.

Father ! through the now past day
 Oft thy child has gone astray ;
 Yet, for Thou canst look within,
 See repentance for my sin ;
 Human frailty Thou dost know—
 What I would not, that I do :
 Father, e'en in justice mild,
 Pardon me, thine erring child.

So, when I mine eyelids close,
 Thy great love shall give repose ;
 Silent night shall bring no fear,
 Since I know that Thou art near.
 Though Thy thunders, all around,
 Rave along the trembling ground,
 I shall hear my Saviour cry—
 " Be not fearful, it is I."

But, should pain and agony
 Keep awake the weary eye,
 And the stillness seem more still,
 And the darkness full of ill,—

EVENING HYMN.

Through the black and solemn night,
Till the happy morning light,
Let thine angels from above
Be with me and all I love.

And, when near eternity,
Stern night shall close on me,
And the hard and laboured breath
Cease at the approach of death,
Thou, who cam'st on earth to save,
Father! Conqueror of the Grave!
In Thine arms, though friends may weep,
Hush Thy little one to sleep.

TO A MISSIONARY.

"Ministers of God—in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses."—
2 CORINTHIANS, VI. 4.

Servant of God, speed on! The gale
Howls for its victim, and the wave
In many a watery vale
Spreads wide a yawning grave!

Far off, the land looms dim! The sea,
Tipped with huge clots of snow-white foam,
Leaps in its maddened glee
Between thee and thy home!

That home, where often, wandering free,
Thou, in the dark old forest glade,
Beneath some rugged tree,
In laughing boyhood played.

E'en yet thy memory recalls
Thine aged father's honoured face—
The old, the well-known halls—
Thy mother's last embrace;

The silent valley, and the hill
"Where the last sunbeam loved to stay";
The forest, and the rill
Low murmuring on its way.

Yes! on thy heart remembered all,
Companions of thy woe and weal,
Like shadows on the wall,
How noiselessly they steal!

Or thee the terrors of the land
Await: the howling wilderness;
Wild Afric's torrid sand;
Thirst, famine, and distress.

Oft to thy hut the lion's roar,
Far off, shall swell along the gale;
Oft, too, the torrents pour
Destruction on the vale.

Or, where the tempest-beaten North
Lies glittering 'neath the frosty sky,
Perchance thou speedest forth
To labour, and—to die.

Where, rustling through the midnight still,
The splendour of the Northern Light
Streams o'er each ice-capped hill,
The standard of the night;

And the volcano's lurid glow,
From earth's deep bosom leaping high,
Lends to the pure white snow
The blushes of the sky.

Yet, Servant of the Living God,
Fear not the earth—the ocean's wrath!
As erst His martyrs trod,
Tread thou the holy path.

In life, contempt, and toil, and woe
Are thine, the spurned, forgotten name;
In death, the robes of snow,
The crown of living flame.

THE INVOCATION.

"But now a strange and terrible thing occurred; for the idolatrous priests, finding their worship falling into sudden disrepute, while these servants of ye Lord were sailing to another island, did assemble themselves together, and, with many cries, did call upon their gods to arise and destroy their blasphemers. And truly a fierce and vehement storm did arise, which did swallow up ye holy men," &c.—*S. Mart. Legend.*

Mighty king ! resistless lord !
Sprung from Odin's royal line,
Known in many a living word,
Sung of old by Scalds divine !
Thou who, clothed in terrors, sweepst
Over hill and over plain,
Hear me, wheresoe'er thou keepest
Gloomy, storm-compelling reign.

Where the white eternal snow
Glitters 'neath the frosty sky,
And the ice-bound rivers flow
To the ocean silently ;
Where the foot hath never trod,
And the eye hath never gazed ;
There, ere Time was born, the god
Palaces from water raised.

Underneath the crystal floor
Ocean, kept in icy chain,
Stills his stern and angry roar,
Moaning like a god in pain :
Yet the tie that binds his wave
Ocean's self to thee had given ;
Though his waters fret and rave,
Never more shall it be riven.

THE INVOCATION.

Growing with the growing hour,
Living still when Time shall die,
Lo! the mighty snow-walls tower
Up to Heaven's canopy.
Here for thee the Spirit-Light,
Tinting all the sky with red,
Ever through the frosty night
Spreads its standard o'er thy head.

Murmuring with a mystic sound,
Known to thee and thee alone,
Souls of Vikings all around
Bend before thine icy throne :
They, who ever, when the storm
Swept along the startled sea,
Knew the god's presiding form,
Hailed thine awful majesty.

Fierce in life, and stern, were they,
Joying in the heaps of slain,
Swooping on the trembling prey
Like thy tempests on the plain ;
Therefore, in the hour of death,
When they sought the naval pyre,
Thou for them, with mighty breath,
Kindledst up the purging fire.

So thy whirlwinds howling loud,
And the moaning of the surge,
And the crackling mast and shroud,
Were their fit and solemn dirge.
Not the woman's tear-steeped eye,
Not the puny wail of grief,
But the fire, and sea, and sky
Swelled the death-chant of the chief,

Till the rosy ocean-wave
Gulphed the fire-embracèd bark,
And its grim and sullen grave
Overhead grew azure dark.
Then thy tempests died away,
Bearing off the soul to thee;
And the saffron orb of day
Flashed across the heaving sea.

But afar, where thou dost reign,
In the cold and glittering North,
Trooping from the hoary main
Come the hero-spirits forth;
And when o'er the frosty sky
Oft the Northern Lights expire,
Rustle then their standards high,
Gleams again the funeral fire.

Mighty king! resistless lord!
Sprung from Odin's royal line,
Speak the storm-compelling word,
Come in majesty divine.
Oh! if e'er in times of old,
From thine ice-encircled throne,
Thou didst hear the free and bold,
Now assert, dread king, thine own.

Lo! across the wide-spread path
Of the still and patient sea,
Fearing not, O King, thy wrath,
Strangers come who know not thee!
Speaking strange, mysterious things
Of a new and brighter day;
Foes to all the Æsir kings,
They would lead thy sons away.

THE INVOCATION.

Dastards are they, that rejoice
In their leader's death of shame ;
Fools, whose weak and puny voice
Fain would brand thy glorious name ;
Souls that, grovelling with the soil,
Hating sword and arrow true,
Welcoming reproach and toil,
Seek to make us cowards too.

Oh, in this, the hour of need,
Spread thy gloomy wings on high ;
Rushing with a mighty speed,
Sweep along the shrieking sky ;
Summon all thy servants round,
Arm them for the coming fray,
Stoop upon the heaving ground
Like an eagle on its prey.

Then, in this thy favoured place,
Far removed from mortal ken,
In thy whirlwind's grim embrace
Clasp this coward race of men :
Plunge them in the yawning grave
Of the all-devouring sea ;
There let Him they trust in save
From thine awful majesty.

There, beneath the sun's bright ray,
Oft their fleshless bones shall glance,
Glittering in the flashing spray
Of the Maelstrom's endless dance ;
When the weary serpent-king
Round the earth's foundations curled,
Moves a while each massive ring
That supports the heavy world.

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Lo, it comes ! • Lo, it wakes !
Dread spirit of the air ;
And the mighty ocean shakes
As it rushes from its lair ;
And the gods that dwell on high
Their awful faces veil ;
And the azure of the sky
Grows pale.

Lo, it comes ! The sullen sound,
Prophet of the tempest's wrath,
And the startled rocks rebound
All along its unseen path ;
And the sea-mew, whirling high,
Screams aloud to the sky,
Till the echoes from the bay,
From the hills and valleys round,
Die away.

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. . . All around, a solemn still
Hangs o'er mountain, plain, and rill ;
Deepened silence, as of death,
Hushed each voice, and stayed each breath ;
And the over-burdened air
Dies away, and cannot stir
Feathers that the white sea-mew,
Circling 'neath the sky's deep blue,
Dropped on yonder storm-scathed fir.
Underneath, in grim repose,
Ocean waits his coming foes ;
And the foam, that tipped the crest
Of his waves, has died in rest.

THE INVOCATION.

But on high the light has fled,
 And the sun has hid his head :
 And darker yet, and darker still,
 Broods the dread storm o'er plain and hill ;
 Save where, as far as eye can see
 Athwart the fearful air,
 Rolls slow along the maddened sea
 The tempest's lurid glare.

. . . He has heard ! He has sped
 From his palace in the North ;
 He has lifted up his head,
 He has sent his spirits forth !
 All behind him desolation !
 Cries of death—a bitter wail !
 All before him lamentation !
 Heads that bow and hearts that quail.
 Darkling spirits rush before him !
 Fearful terrors hover o'er him !
 Heaven, and earth, and sea adore him !
 Mighty king, all hail !

Mingling with the crashing sky,
 Rising o'er the roaring surge,
 Raise the song of triumph high ;
 Raise the cowards' funeral dirge.
 Long across the laughing spray
 Of the all-devouring wave,
 Friends shall gaze the livelong day,
 Gaze across their mocking grave.

But, whene'er the cold, white snow
 Spreads its mantle o'er the ground,
 And the wintry breezes blow,
 And the earth grows hard around,—

Bending o'er the blazing fire,
Oft, to while away the hour,
To his children shall the sire
Tell the god's almighty power ;

Till the blushing cheek grows white,
And the scarce-drawn breath is still,
And the chill wind's moaning flight
Seems some boding sound of ill.
So thy fearful name shall fly
O'er the world, from shore to shore,
Till thy lightnings quit the sky,
And thy thunders cease to roar.

MEDITATION.

"If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable."—
1 COR., xv. 19.

Oh, that some god would hurry me along,
And bear me onwards on his mighty wings;
Then, in the heaven-inspired realms of song,
 'Touch once the strings,
That I might catch their ringing echoes, when
They sounded in the crystal-columned hall
Of the nine sister-goddesses, and then
 Pour them back—all
In one sweet solemn flood of melody,
One parting ray of glorious lustre, ere
To other scenes and other climes I fly,
 To linger there.
Like some dim sun, that, all the day in cloud
Entombed, has hid his fires beneath its night,
Yet, ere his race be run, has burst his shroud
 In floods of light,
And all the hills grow purple, and the sky
Glow with the dying god; and ocean's surge
Burns his vast pyre; while yon wild sea-bird's cry
 Is but his dirge.
But ah! more like the lonely sun that speeds
All dim and saddened through the murky sky,
No ray of light may cheer the path that leads
 Me on to die.
Where are they now that here before me stood,
That roamed these hills and smiling vales of yore?
Ah! slowly onwards, sweeps Time's grasping flood:
 Are they no more?

What boots it then to them that life has been
A weary struggle for an honoured name?
The very oak, on which their record's seen,
Outlives their fame.

They loved, perchance; and yet their love has passed:
They mourned; what heart responds now to their wail?
Their loves, their woes, their hopes, are hid at last
Beneath the veil.

So what they toiled for, with such endless care,
Time's ocean swept from off the fickle strand;
And we shall toil—poor insects, that we are—
And build—on sand.

And yet methinks a voice within me cries—
"Oh, coward spirit! faint'st thou at the track?
"Wilt thou, when Heaven straight on before thee lies—
"Wilt thou turn back?

"Not always shrouded speeds the lonely sun;
"The sadder days of life must sometime cease:
"Gird up thy loins and hasten to press on;

"Then rest in peace,
"Like those who went before thee. Not unknown
"Are they, whate'er thy gloomy mind asserts:
"They struggled, and the God who knows His own
"Saw their deserts.

"What though their joys and griefs have passed away,
"And those who loved them have forgot their love?
"Life's night to them was harbinger of day,
"And bliss above.

"Or is it naught to thy distempered mind,
"With sullen thoughts and bitterness opprest,
"To know, midst sorrows, that there lies behind
"The coming rest?

"Or may'st thou not, amidst thy doubts and fears,
"Hope still for some small happiness below?"—

"Not so, sweet voice, our hopes are frozen tears,
"And frail as snow.

" We struggle vainly in Care's serpent coil,
 " Toss'd hither, thither ; yet we know not why.
 " Poor puppets ! Howsoe'er we bravely toil,
 " We toil—to die.

" And though, from righteous Abel until now,
 " Strong men have striven to amend the earth,
 " The same stern weights of woe oppress the brow,
 " E'en from our birth."

" Not so. By many a battle strengthened, man
 " Makes steady progress unto life and light,
 " Though those brave minds that struggled in the van
 " Fell in the fight.

" ' Let there be light,' was said in times of old
 " Ere the fair planet shone upon the air :
 " He spake, who speaks not vainly, and behold
 " The light was there !

" And still He speaks, and changes not ; and still
 " Men struggle through the darkness unto day,
 " And yet shall strive till wickedness and ill
 " Shall pass away.

" Press on, and quail not : not for thee the ease
 " That sleeps, reclined, 'mid purple and 'mid gold ;
 " Yet there await thee better things than these,
 " And joy untold."

Weak dreamer ! through the chequered ways of life
 Take up thy weary burden undismayed ;
 Eternal Love is watching o'er the strife
 To cheer and aid :

Eternal Love, that sees thy wayward mood,
 And mourns each vain repining and each sigh ;
 And, like a hen that calls its wandering brood
 With frequent cry,

And beats against the prison-bars in vain,
 And opes its wings for those that will not hear,
 Heaven summons thee unheeded, and the strain
 Falls on the ear

As when one calls a dreamer, and the word,
In veriest mockery and vain pretence,
Falls lightly on the fancy; not unheard,
But void of sense.

Yet, surely, not so meaningless to thee
Should Heaven's high call and invitation seem :
Shake off the sleep; let life no longer be
An empty dream.

Press onwards on thy rugged way. Be strong;
And, 'midst thy journey, be this motto thine—
'Tis human to bewail each fancied wrong;
To bear, Divine.

ON THE INDIAN MASSACRES.

THE MUTINY.—TIDINGS.

If mortal man could leave his resting-place
And dwell upon some mighty orb that rolls
Far off by an eternity of miles,
E'en there would be no spot that he might shun
The cries of him who, fashioned by the hand
And in the image of the Holy One, delights
To mar his work. For, as the years roll on
By fits and starts, the huge earth's flashing light
Grows hid in clouds of blood ; and, in the stead
Of her loud song of praise, the hum and whirl
Of this our mighty planet, speeding on
Her giddy revolutions, comes a cry
That tingles through the realms of space, and shakes
The shivering stars in passing on to God.

And so in this our day, when all the lands
Were resting from their common jars, and men
Grew sleepily luxurious, murmuring "peace"
When noon was near us ; suddenly the sky
Has opened o'er our heads, and pourèd forth
A vial, changing half the earth to blood,
And filling us with darkness, and a fear
More terrible than darkness ; waking us
From sleep, that lay reclined on cloth of gold
And fanned with perfumed breezes, till we stood
Half stupefied, while underneath the feet
Of those we loved best, gaping ghastly,
Hell opened wide her mouth, and swallowed them
With swift destruction, flame, and seas of gore.

Was it the Spirit of the Northern Light
That swept along the heavens, that the air
Should grow blood-red, and, starting at the hue,
Writhe, serpent-like, upon itself, and groan
And mutter with its fitful voices things
Half plain, half hidden, dimly fashioned,
That struck like wails of goblins on the ear,
And curdled all the life-stream ; until men
Grew deadly sick, and quailed and shrank amazed,
Scarce knowing why they shuddered, so confused
Yet fraught with meaning was it ? Or the sea,
That, roaming through its faintly-lighted dells,
Came on a heap of dead men's skulls that grinned
And gibbered at their murderer ; and so
Fled to its deepest hiding-place, and there
Muttered and murmured melancholy strains
That maddened at their own remorseful tale
Till all the hollow shells and massive rocks
Sent back throughout the deadened waste a sound
To strike men dumb with terror ? Or the earth,
That, casting up her daily sum of sin
To shout it out to Him who dwells on high
From all her hills and valleys, suddenly
Came on a crime so fearful that her voice
Broke with the cry, and she could do no more
Than mutter, like an idiot, to herself ?
For all the air was heavy, and a dread,
Fearful yet undefined, was on men's minds,
As when the ghost-seer, through the solemn gloom,
Notes where some corner looms, in dull relief,
A blacker night, and shrinks, he knows not why.
And when sweet sleep should rest upon their eyes,
And Silence spread her mantle round the globe,
Men tossed upon their fever-haunted beds

And seemed to hear dull noises flitting round,
That ever and anon would break the shroud
Of their surrounding mystery, and shriek,
In ears that echoed to them, "Woe! woe! woe!"

And so, as dragged along the weary time,
Men took no pleasure in the joys of life,
But, glaring on each other, whispered low—
"What is it that is happening, and where?
"What is 't that will befall us? Who can tell?"
But none could answer, till one fearful morn
Rose with a wail from out the blood-stained East,
And howled again to hear itself; and lo!
As lightning cleaves the murky clouds with noise
Of thunder, every dull prophetic sound
Leapt into shrieking being—plain, too plain,
With moans of mothers, and with cries of babes,
And roaring cataracts that gurgled blood,
And horrors still more horrible. But then
Clashed up to Heaven an awful answering cry
From all the rocks that gird fair England round,
And mighty cities, where the busy din
Of rumbling carts and hurried tramp of men
Vexes throughout the day the swarming streets;
And little villages, where ancient spires
(With heads o'ergrown with ivy, and with feet
Nestling 'mid all the flowery stores of earth)
Ring out their happy chimes to Sabbath winds;
And huts on lonely moorlands, where the grouse
Haunts the red heather (for, with one dire shock,
Like to an earthquake, it convulsed the land).
And men, whose heads were hoary with the snows
Of wintry Time—for whom the grave had gaped,
And chilled their pulses with its summonings—
Stood side by side with beardless boys, and maids,
Whose teens had not yet numbered all their springs,

And cried for vengeance, wearying High Heaven
 With ceaseless prayers and importunities,
 And thirst for blood that could not be appeased.
 For tears were dried with flame, and none could weep,
 Or spare one word for dear-loved memories,
 Or breathe one sigh for harrowing tragedies;
 But "Vengeance! *vengeance!* VENGEANCE!" was the shout
 That answered to the voices whispering "woe!"

"VENGEANCE."

Up with the Red Cross Banner, fair Empress of the seas,
 The flag that waves so haughtily upon the fresh'ning breeze;
 For never yet, in sorest time of need, did England fail
 To hear the sufferer's cry for help, and answer to his wail.

From many a stately city, and from many a fort of pride,
 Our brethren's blood is gurgling in an ever-swelling tide;
 And tales come rushing o'er the sea that fiends might quail to hear,
 And the shrieks of maids and orphans are ringing on the ear.

Well may they dread to meet us, and seek to hide their shame
 Behind the fated towers that rouse the English blood to flame—
 That flame that burns till recompense be taken for the slain,
 And Delhi's walls be numbered with the cities of the plain.

Why tell us of forgiveness? Ours is no idle song,
 The cry of tortured children, of th' unutterable wrong.
 Ho, men of England! nerve your arms upon the blood-stained sod,
 And strike, if England ever struck, for justice and for God!

Not this the time for charity for yon accursed brood;
 With a mighty shout to Heaven goes up the cry of blood.
 Close thicker round the standards! grasp tighter yet the sword!
 For man must be the worker of the vengeance of the Lord.

BITHOOR.

Cease from thy lamentations, thou loved one of the free ;
Ring out, ring out a merry peal across the heaving sea ;
Shout till the heavens echo back to earth the joyful strain,
For the injured have been righted, and the wrong repaired again.

Ah, little did the foe dream, when they thought thy strength was done,
That thy haughty scroll of victory was scarcely yet begun :
Now let Bithoor bear witness, from her heaps of gory slain,
That the injured have been righted, and the wrong repaired again.

They said our arm had failed us, they said our heart was cold ;
They thought the untamed lion, as a dog, was bought and sold ;
But there comes a cry of vengeance from many a blood-stained plain,
And the injured have been righted, and the wrong repaired again.

Yet so their native tiger, when they least expect him nigh,
Gleams, flashing through the parting air, upon the startled eye :
He might have taught the cowards that caution was in vain,
That the injured would be righted, and the wrong repaired again.

Ho, daughters of fair England, that glad the gazing eye !
Ho, men of merry England ! raise a free-born English cry :
Ho, bells of England ! wrangle out from temple and from fane,
For the injured have been righted, and the wrong repaired again.

Give forth the glorious standard to every wind that blows,
The highest boast of freedom, the terror of its foes ;
And gunners hail it proudly, with the mimic thunder roar,
Till the notes reach England's bravest sons, the victors at Cawnpore.

"FASTING."

Hark! 'midst the songs of triumph, an under-current swells,
As when one hears through bridal peals the slow funeral bells;
And so for aye the lesson comes, since first we drew the breath:
'Mid fond caress, 'mid conquerors' cheer, in life remember death.

Oh! still the victors' shout, all ye to whom our England's dear,
And bow the head, and bend the knee, and drop the silent tear,
And keep a solemn fast-day, while there struggles to the sky
A nation's agony of prayer to Him who dwells on high.

Cry out, and spare not. Let the Heavens reëcho to the tale,
The weary tale of sin and woe—earth's everlasting wail.
With weeping and with groaning, let all the wide-spread land
Seek Him who holds the nations in the hollow of His hand.

And, oh! in that one solemn day of mourning and of gloom,
When we who live cry out for those who dread the dreadful doom,
Hear Thou, oh loving Father, who hearest every prayer,
The orphan's sad sad cry of woe, the widow's wan despair;

And comfort Thine afflicted, Thine by sorrow and by woe
(Stern monitors that tear the heart to Heaven from things below),
And teach them that in tenderest love Thy chastenings were sent,
As one might bruise the flower that thence gives but a fuller scent;

And be Thou judge between us and the workers of *their* ill,
And, as Thou wert in times of old, be God of Vengeance still;
For thou alone art holy, O everlasting Lord,
And in Thy name alone we dare to lift th' avenging sword.

Yes! if we seek for vengeance, we seek not as the brute
That treads man in his senseless rage beneath his ponderous foot:
'Tis Justice cries and hounds us on along the awful track,
And we were less than men indeed to shudder and turn back.

Oh city of a thousand crimes ! Oh drunk, but not with wine !
Oh gorgeous with the blood-red gold drawn from a bloody mine !
How is thy once proud name accurst through all the lapse of years,
By wrongs that never may be spoke, by Treason, Death, and Tears !

“THE LOST.”

Far in the midnight heaven the little cloudlets sleep ;
Sweet peace is with the firmament, sweet calm upon the deep.
How still they rest upon their thrones, those monarchs of the sky
Bright emblems of the glad repose of them that dwell on high.

Not so for thee, O child of earth ! for thee there comes no rest ;
And weary is thy saddened life, e'en from thy mother's breast.
Hold up thy cup of joy ! Oh fool ! ere thou canst hold it up
Death hurls his whirlwinds o'er thy head and dashes down the cup.

And so there comes no hope—not one—to bid thy sorrows cease.
What boots it that they talk of peace ? thou know'st there is no peace.
The Holy One who dwells on high alone can dry the tear :
Cry, till the heavens hear thy woe, if Heaven will deign to hear.

Oh, dear ones ! loved and mourned too well ! what power shall fill your
place ?

Who shall bring back to us who weep the long-remembered face
Ye live, our bleeding hearts know well, in perfect joy above
We are but men, we feel but this, the loss of those we love.

Oh, Father ! Father ! pity us, whose griefs are but begun ;
Teach us, who chafe beneath Thy rod, to say “Thy will be done” ;
And bring us to Thee, e'en through paths that teem with bitterest woe,
That we may meet with those above we ne'er shall see below.

Lo ! scenes of glory greet mine eyes ; the heavens are rolled away ;
All sorrow fitteth as the night before that blaze of day.
Yea Lord, we will not doubt thy truth whate'er may be in store :
The earth shall perish, but thy love shall last for evermore.

DELHI.

On all the stately city the autumn sun is bright;
A thousand spires are glittering beneath the glare of light :
And many a lofty minaret, and many a haughty fane,
Gives proudly back the happy rays it ne'er may see again.

For lo! there comes a murmur upon the languid breeze,
As when one hears the droning of a mighty swarm of bees;
And those who listen shudder at the sullen far-off sound,
That whispers through the heavens, and that mutters o'er the ground.

And ever when the wind grows high it seems to wail and moan,
Till from its depth of sadness it draws a fiercer tone;
And surges on and maddens, till at last it sweeps along
With a dreadful shout of vengeance for more than mortal wrong.

No more a dim confused sound as erst it came before :
It rises o'er the booming of the sullen cannon-roar,
With blare of bugle ringing out upon the startled ear,
And tramp of armies, and a shout—the good old English cheer !

Hurrah for the stout English cheer! In many a well-fought field
The good old cry has risen o'er the clang of sword and shield.
Hurrah for the brave English arms that struggle in the van!
That strike so gallantly and well for justice and for man !

Well mayst thou quail, proud city! Thy meteor race is run.
E'en now thy blood-red glories pale before the rising sun;
For those that strike no woman's blow are gathering round thy walls,
And spirits of the murdered ones are brooding o'er thy halls.

Oh, withered be thy coward hearts, and palsied be thy bands,
That dyed in hapless maidens' blood their trebly-cursed hands!
Ho, men of England! spare the wolf that snuffs the tainted breeze;
But, as ye value life and soul, strike deep—spare none of these.

Hurrah! hurrah! The vulture shall have dainty feasts, I ween;
 The grass that's fed with traitor's blood shall glitter still more green.
 Hurrah! the slinking wolf shall have a palace for his den,
 And jackals hide among the courts that held the treacherous men.

Nay! leave not e'en one blade of grass in all th' accursed place,
 No stone to tell the fearful doom of yonder fated race;
 And, should your hearts grow sickened at the slaughter of the foe,
 Think on fair maidens wronged and slain, and lay the cowards low:

That so for aye the desert place, where once the city stood,
 May seem as when a fire has swept along a stately wood;
 And through the years strong men may quail and shudder as they tell.
 What fullest vengeance England took, how quick she struck and well.

" TRIUMPH. "

Yes! when the gloom is deepest, and darkness over all
 Draws closest round the still-struck earth her dull funereal pall,
 Bright rays come dancing from the East athwart the heavy night,
 And through the sullen clouds there pours the happy morning light,

Till all the hills grow purple, and the heavens are unrolled
 In many-tinted hues of blood, of azure and of gold;
 And Silence flies affrighted, for the breeze that glides along
 Grows joyous with the low of herds and gush of morning song.

More fiery day has burst our gloom, a dawning still more red,
 And haughty shouts sweep on the breeze o'er reeking heaps of dead;
 Yet echo back, oh heavens, and join the fierce exulting cry;
 The meteor brand is quenched in blood, and hisses to the sky.

Hurrah! Their guilty masses broke, in terror and despair,
 As when the levin bursts the clouds that freight the sullen air;
 Like chaff, when wintry winds blow strong along the quaking plain,
 They fled before th' avengers, and the spectres of the slain.

The vultures heard the well-known din and gathered from afar,
 And flapped their heavy wings and soared above the mists of war;
 But now they gorge and rend the prey 'mid carnage and 'mid mire,
 Or sit, in ghastly glutton sleep, on minaret and spire.

Break out in shouts, O happy earth, from all thy thousand hills,
 Where, chattering to the lazy air, leap down the merry rills;
 And answer, all ye seas, and break upon the answering shore,
 With crested wave on crested wave, in long triumphal roar.

And bellow forth, ye cannon, with your ever-swelling boom,
 Shake all the nations with your notes of victory and doom;
 For well your deep-mouthed voices spread dismay among the foe,
 When Heaven helped the right of man and laid the boasters low.

Yes! not to us the victory, and not to us the praise:
 He struck for us who showed His might in Israel's favoured days.
 Bow down, O silver-coasted isle, in reverence and fear,
 For God hath spoken from on high—the Lord of Hosts is near.

 CAWNPORE.

Dark mist on the horizon, and darker still on high,
 Heaven's cloudy pall is lowering o'er all the saddened sky:
 The chill winds writhe and struggle with their sorrow as they go,
 And earth is wet with Nature's tears for those who lie below.

For there, in yonder court-yard, gapes the very mouth of Hell—
 Accursed through ages yet to come—the dark and silent well;
 And there the stately palm-tree rears its horrid growth above,
 Fat with the dashed-out brains of babes and tears of those we love.

Hark to the cry, O Heaven, and ope your shuddering portals wide!
 Oh, Earth! Earth! yawn not to drink up the full ensanguined tide!
 From mountain and from valley, from river and from creek,
 Give the mute blood of martyred saints a thousand tongues to speak.

Thank God, *our* clouds are breaking! List to the cannon's roar,
That wakens from a hundred palms the echoes of Cawnpore;
Sweet voices in your iron throats! sweet incense in your wrath
That marks in storms of flame and blood the brave avengers' path!

See! high above the battle-clouds, the lion standard blows!
Small hope, I ween, for those who dared to break its grim repose;
The bugle-call rings sharp and clear upon the startled air,
And English hands grasp tight the sword, and English hearts are there.

Hurrah! the dark earth quakes and reels beneath their chargers' tread;
Their squadrons rush in living light o'er heaps of traitor dead:
Shout out, O cannon! bellow forth your notes of fiery glee
When England's sons, in blood and mire, grasp such full victory!

Now blessings on the good stout hands that struck for England's right,
And blessings on the grey-haired head that planned that noble fight;
For many a glorious victory has graced our scrolls before,
But none so bright as that one field of vengeance at Cawnpore.

SCOTLAND.

Fierce strife in all the sounding town, and round the quaking towers
That hold young babes, and hoary heads, and beauty's fairest flowers;
And louder swell the shouts of foes, and higher still and higher
All day the war-cloud rolls aloft, all night the pillared fire.

Like those dry bones of ancient writ the few defenders stand;
The fire has left the dauntless eye, its might hath left the hand:
But, better than all numbers, and better than the sword,
The living corpses move beneath the Spirit of the Lord.

They gaze! No helper cometh, no rescue seemeth nigh,
And thicker broods the horrid smoke, and darker frowns the sky;
And solemnly and fearfully upon the ear there falls
The booming of the heavy guns, the crashing of the walls.

But lo! the combat thickens, and the battle closes round
With rapid roll of musketry, and trembling of the ground;
And low and stern amid the din is borne upon the breeze
A sharp shrill droning, as the voice of angry swarms of bees.

Hush! 'tis a woman's sudden scream! "Oh joy! they come, they come!
"I hear the bonny Hieland pipes, the Saxon's rolling drum!
"Hold well your own, ye gallant men! A few short moments more
"Shall see your foemen scattered, as the breakers on the shore."

They listen! All around them raves the thunder of the fight,
The groans and shrieks and shouts and yells, that tear the startled night:
They hear the deep guns bellow, but they hear not through the trees
The sharp shrill droning, as the threats of angry swarms of bees.

"Ye dinna hear it, comrades? No! no! I dinna rave:
"Full weel I know the distant voice of them that come to save.
"Ah! oft in happier days I've heard and kened the Campbells' ca',
"And good McGreggors' slogan fierce, the grandest of them a'."

They look! and far to right and left the battle-clouds are broke,
And ridge on ridge of dark blue steel gleams coldly through the smoke;
And sharper still, and shriller yet, is borne upon the breeze
The droning of the Hieland pipes, like angry swarms of bees.

And as the mountain torrent, when its icy chain hath gone,
Sweeps down with roar of angry wave and crash of rock and stone,
They burst through struggling foes, they breast the flames of traitor guns,
The sturdy hearts, the good right hands, of bonnie Scotland's sons.

Oh, flourish long, the good old land! Though rugged to the view,
Not England's gallant self can boast of sons more brave and true;
And long be heard where Scotland's cliffs are washed by foaming seas
The droning of the Hieland pipes, like angry swarms of bees.

"HAVELOCK."

Oh brightly breaks the welcome day, and proudly bursts the light
O'er rolling clouds of burnished gold upon the sullen night ;
And, like the ocean's distant roar, the swift wind sweeps along
Through bending tops of pine-trees, with its load of morning song.

But not for us the joyousness that greets the happy rays ;
Our hearts are all untuned to join the grateful hymns of praise.
Alas ! oh weary, weary earth, thy children better know
The voice of lamentation, and the bitter wail of woe.

A thousand heroes grace our scrolls, but none more brave than he
Who taught us in our direst need to grasp the victory :
Now who will hear us when we call, and help us in our pain ?
The sword lies idly in the sheath that never struck in vain.

Oh ! true stout heart, that beat so firm when all the reeking air
Was fraught with cries of deadly wrong, of terror and despair !
Oh ! strong right hand, that scattered death among the serried foe,
How is our tower fallen ! how is the mighty low !

Ah me ! thy place is vacant now, dear hope of the distressed
That brought'st to anxious bosoms peace, to weary eyelids rest.
No more thy well-remembered voice shall cheer thy little band ;
No more on battle-field thine arm shall wield the avenging brand.

Hushed be the strains of triumph ; tread noiselessly around ;
The spot that holds a hero's corpse may well be holy ground.
A mightier conqueror than he hath bowed the gallant head ;
The flag he led to victory droops sadly o'er the dead.

Not so ! unconquered in his life, unconquered e'en in death,
He fought his proudest battle-field in that last parting breath.
Shout cannon that he knew so well, till all the echoes ring :
" Oh grave, where is thy victory ? oh death, where is thy sting ? "

He is not dead nor sleepeth. He who set the captive free
Joins him who, rising to the skies, led bound Captivity.
Not this the meanest, mother-land, of all thy haughty boasts,—
The Lord who led thine armies here reigns with the Lord of Hosts.

GWALIOR.

The cannon's roar had died away, the battle-clang was o'er;
A soldier knelt beside his friend, by blood-stained Gwalior:
The cold, death-sweat was on his brow, the life was ebbing fast;
In many a stricken field he'd fought—he lay upon his last.

“Raise me a little, comrade: I fain would see again
The good old flag wave haughtily upon the well-won plain,
And see once more the friends who stood beside me on this day,
And hear their shouts of victory, before I pass away.

“Before I pass away! Ah me! the sorrow that will come,
When tidings reach them of my death, upon my village home:
The little cot, that nestled in its ivy robe of green,
Shall change its happy smiles for tears, and breaking hearts, I ween.

“My gray-haired mother, comrade! I was her pride and joy:
I know she's thinking now of me, and clasps in thought her boy.
If e'er you should get back again go seek her out from me,
And say I wait her in the land where death shall never be.

“Tell her I died without a grief, for that I full well knew
The words she used to read to me were holy words and true.
The large old Bible of my sires—she'll find there, in her pain,
A comfort for the loss of me till we shall meet again.

“And bid her speak to Lucy, and tell her not to weep
(She best can comfort aching hearts whose sorrow is as deep).
Ah well! He orders all things well! but had He spared my life,
And I had got back home again, Lucy had been my wife.

"She must not grieve!—my pretty one!—although I come no more;
 She must not mourn my fall beneath the heights of Gwaiior.
 The English blood is in her veins—its fire lights up her eye:
 Say I struck well for woman's wrongs—she'll triumph though I die.

"Die! I shall *live*! With all her faults, our noble England knows
 Full well to honour those who fall in battle with her foes.
 Go, tell my darling, when she weeps, to turn and find my name
 Where England decks her precious dead in all her ancient fame.

"Ah me! A mist is on my eyes! and yet methinks I see
 The little homestead, ivy-clad, that nestles on the lea:
 My mother knits within the porch; my darling, in the flowers,
 Kisses the rose I planted there, and counts the lingering hours.

"They smile! They dream of my return, when I shall tread again
 The grand old hill I loved so well, the daisy-covered plain;
 And still the hill shall tower aloft, but *they* shall bow the head
 Where yonder yew-tree bends its boughs to whisper to the dead.

Be still! The mist has cleared away--a light breaks through the air;
 It teems with strange and lovely shapes, and I too should be there.
 I hear the shrill-drawn clarions' sound, the mustering squadrons' hum:
 Comrade! the roll is being called! Lord of all Hosts, I come!"

 SONG.

One thought for the soldier who lies far away,
 In the land he's ennobled for ages;
 Though his name be not writ in our scroll of day,
 Rich with heroes, and martyrs, and sages.

Unknown though he be, yet for him the deep sigh
 Shall be breathed from the proud lips of beauty;
 For he died—as an Englishman ever would die—
 For his country, his God, and his duty.

On the graves of his fathers the grass groweth high,
And the yew o'er their tombstone is sighing ;
But the palm that shoots up to the Indian sky
Marks the spot where a conqu'ror is lying.

His sisters shall weep in the old village home,
Until death of their sorrows relieve them ;
But he sleeps far away, o'er the lone ocean's foam,
With the glory that never shall leave him.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

A FRAGMENT.

Yes ! there are times in man's short span of years
Marked out for sorrow, and bedewed with tears ;
When the vexed soul, with cares untold opprest,
Pants for relief, and pines to be at rest ;
When, midst the troubles of life's stormy war,
E'en her own God has seemed to stand afar ;
And those bright hopes that bore her on her path
Have flagged and drooped in terror at His wrath.
Yet, when the tempest thundered at its height,
A sudden ray has broken on the night ;
And countless years of peace, without alloy,
Were naught to that short hour of maddened joy.

Wide on the eye the desert's sand-waves glare—
No shade on earth, no coolness in the air ;
No bird's light pinion cuts the yielding breeze,
No soft winds murmur to the list'ning trees :
E'en the stern eagle's sun-defying eye
Would weep hot tears before yon cloudless sky.
The camel's much-enduring soul would tire ;
The salamander in such heat expire.
So dire a furnace nature seems to glow—
Fierce flame in heaven, and fiercer flame below.

Hark ! whence that wail ? It cut the panting air,—
One long, loud voice of terror and despair ;
Such, and so mournful, as the poets feign
Lost spirits utter in their deadly pain ;
And earth grows still, and trembles at the cry,
The shout of more than human agony.

Again, and yet again—no pause, no stay;
Those swift-winged voices speed their viewless way;
And all the scene is startled from repose;
And o'er the sand a sterner horror glows.
Again, and yet again, and louder still,
Through Heaven, o'er earth, they spread their tale of ill.
Not so the chill wind, shrieking through the night,
Wails and bemoans its never-ending flight;
Not so the vexed volcano, in its throes,
Groans solemn warning of disturbed repose:
More sad, more bitter, in their swift career,
They pierce the heart, and strike the shuddering ear.

THE RILLS.

Lo ! leaping from their giddy height,
And gliding down the rugged hills
Through all the silent gloom of night,
For ever play the happy rills :
They sparkle in the cold moonlight
With silvery lustre, clear and bright ;
They chatter down a thousand gills.

All day the sunbeams kiss the wave,
All day the waters kiss the flowers ;
All day their plumes the wild-birds lave,
And drench the heath with glittering showers :
While on the streamlets foam and rave,
They glance through many a hollow cave ;
They loiter round a thousand bowers.

So, lit by sun, and moon, and star,
Loved well by bird, and deer, and bee,
By flowery banks, o'er shingly bar,
They glide in gladness to the sea.
Our life flows on, o'er rock and scar,
A gloomy stream of endless war,
That rests not till we cease to be.

THE MAPLE TREE.

O'er barren hill, o'er valley,
The blazoned lions wave ;
They greet the sun from earliest rise
To where he seeks his grave.
The terror of the tyrant,
The hope of freeborn man :
In many a bloody fight,
For liberty and right,
They've flashed amid the van.

But ours is not the blazon
That tells of life-blood shed ;
Our standards float not on the breeze
That wails o'er heaps of dead.
No lions grace our banners,
No kingly bird have we ;
But ours the stately forms
That have braved a thousand storms,—
Ours is the maple tree.

A hundred hills are glancing
Beneath the sun's glad rays ;
A hundred plains are echoing
Bird-hymns of joy and praise ;
And, o'er them all, the maple
Lifts high his noble head :
No fairer sight, I ween,
Than his many-tinted sheen
Of emerald and red.

THE MAPLE TREE.

All other things are fleeting,
All other boasts shall cease ;
Our victories shall last for aye,
The victories of peace.
Oh, hallowed is each leaflet
That decks the good old tree,
For he towers to Him above,
Who alone is perfect love,
And Father of the free.

SPRING.

Light upon the wild-flowers dawning from on high !
Light upon the white clouds floating in the sky !
Light upon the green fields, light upon the rill !
Happy morn is breaking o'er each lofty hill.

Music in the rustling of the summer trees !
Music in the many tones that sweep along the breeze !
Music in the little birds that haunt the budding spray !
Winter's snows are melting—Spring is on its way.

Gladness in the mountains ! gladness in the plains !
Gladness in all nature, bursting from her chains !
Gladness in the waters, rippling down their streams !
Heaven and earth rejoicing in the sun's bright beams.

Happy, happy spring-time ! Happy age of youth !
Rich in aspirations, rich in love and truth !
Use it well, lest summer scorch ye with its sun,
And your budding beauties droop, ere yet begun.

EVENING.

"Come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, powers of the deep,
And comfort her." TENNYSON.

Eve sleeps upon the waters, and the cloudlets up on high
Mourn, lover-like, the fading rays that gladdened all their sky.
I hail the dreamy twilight, that, swooning o'er the deep,
Leads softly to beloved eyes God's well-beloved sleep.

Yes! for the fevered glories of the fierce hot day have fled;
A gentler lustre wraps the earth, and guards the precious head.
Ah, dearest one, so bright and pure! more like to thee, I ween,
Than all the golden sunlight, is the moonbeams' silver sheen.

Far o'er the weary city a soothing stillness reigns,
And hushed is now the low of herds, and jar of clattering wains;
But where the violets scent the glen, and heath-bells deck the height,
Rise up the angel whispers of the ever-wakeful Night.

Oh, sweet, calm night, watch o'er her! oh, angels, hover nigh!
Oh, breezes, waft your stores of health from many a distant sky;
Oh, happy heavens, pour down on her sweet fancies from above,
And, God of Love, protect her, who is worthy of all love.

MORNING.

Oh, golden sunlight, stream along from every wind that blows,
Roll back the soft grey curtains that veiled the Night's repose ;
Blush timidly o'er fleecy clouds, O Morning calm and mild,
Like some young mother when she rains sweet kisses on her child.

The rosy heavens break forth in joy, and, clad in living light,
Flash back the dawning splendours far o'er valley and o'er height,
Till all the coy glens blush again, and on the purple hills
The heath-bells give Love's conscious red to all the wooing rills.

And music bursts upon the gale, and hails the welcome day
From many a lowly cottage eave, and many a budding spray ;
And where the flow'rets glad the earth, where bright rays glance above,
All nature swells the anthem high of joyousness and love.

Yet from her gems of greatest price fair Nature misseth one,
That lends fresh beauties to the earth, fresh radiance to the sun :
Shake off sweet slumbers, dearest one, and greet the loving skies ;
The birds are pining for thy voice,—the flow'rets for thine eyes.

Oh, children of the giddy air, breathe lightly round her way !
Beam down upon her tenderly, fierce ruler of the day !
Sweet angels guard her every step, and ward off every pain,
Till light hath played itself to sleep, and eve hath come again ;

Till all the breezes die away, and all the birds are still,
And Silence holds her solemn reign, in valley and on hill ;
And gleaming from the firmament, where clouds lie lightly curled,
Heaven's million eyes keep sleepless watch upon the sleeping world.

DEATH.

A thousand voices hail the day,
 From town and field and budding spray,
 And never yet has morning ray
 A fairer radiance shed.

Bow the head !

For the victor claims his own ;
 And the crop will soon be mown ;
 And his loved ones be alone
 With the dead !

His glazing eyes no longer trace
 The sorrow in each well-known face ;
 His arms have given their last embrace,
 His lips their latest sound.

Close around !

Though your loving hearts be sore,
 Yet *his* woes will soon be o'er,
 And his grave, for evermore,
 Holy ground !

The haunts he loved, o'er vale and height,
 Are basking in the summer light ;
 New paths grow clearer through his night,
 Paths that are yet untrod.

Cut the sod !

For the life is fleeting fast,
 And the journey o'er at last,
 And the weary spirit passed
 To its God !

SUMMER.

Come swiftly o'er the eastern wave, O pleasant summer wind ;
Leave jungly plains, and spicy groves, and stately towns behind ;
Breathe gently on the deep blue sea, sweet breezes, in your flight,
And bring soft showers and balmy airs to hail the western light.

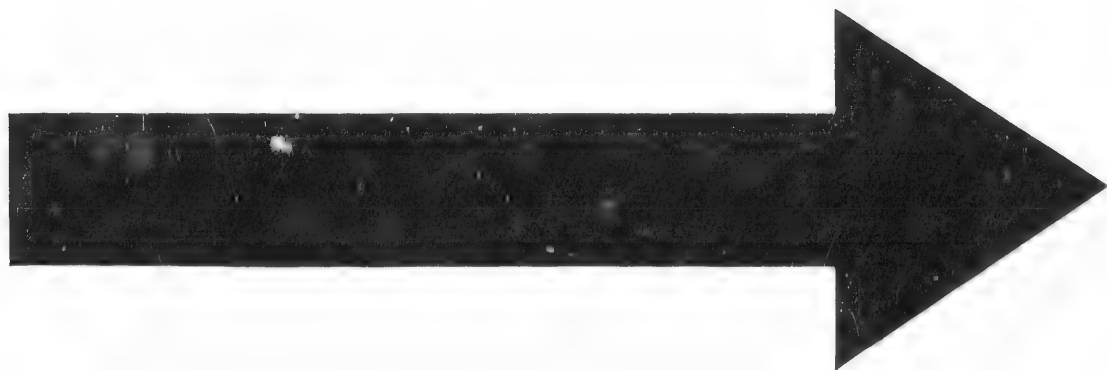
The maple dons her garb of green o'er every lofty hill ;
The may-flower blooms in shady nooks beside the purling rill ;
The violets in the velvet moss shrink coyly from the gaze :
Come, pleasant winds, and woo them forth to meet the summer rays.

Where'er ye sweep, the loving sun a milder blessing sheds,
The flowers pour forth a thousand sweets, and lift their tender heads ;
Where'er ye touch the glancing streams and kiss the wavelets' lips,
They splash the bee that robs the buds, and grumbles as he sips.

The wild-birds know the rustle, as ye rush in joy along,
And hill and dale, and swamp and grove, give back the gladsome song ;
Yet, happy, happy summer winds, breathe sadly, for ye blow
O'er heads that ache, and hearts that burst, and eyes grown dim with woe.

Oh, summer winds ! In ancient times, before ye sprang to life,
A holier breath than yours can be brought rest to fiercer strife ;
When through the night that brooded thick, o'er seas that boiled and
 roared,
Moved calmly o'er the tossing deep, the Spirit of the Lord.

Oh, winds ! Though with a million tongues, from rivulet and sod,
All nature cries aloud to man, and names a loving God,
Emblems are ye of Him who bids the mourners' sorrows cease ;
Go, whisper to the breaking hearts His messages of peace.





ANCIENT FUNERAL HYMN.

"We give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world."—*Burial Service.*

Wake thee, brother! wake thee now!
 O'er thee brighter day is breaking:
 Though death's seal has stamped thy brow,
 Life was sleep, and death the waking:
 Far away has fled the night,
 Breaks on thee the heavenly light.

Wake thee, brother! 'We, bereft,
 Here are prey to care and sorrow;
 Eat, though thou thy friends hast left,
 We shall join thee on the morrow;
 Though thou sleep'st thy last long sleep,
 Dear one, not for thee we weep.

Not for thee! Thy soul on high
 Soars, its fleshly fetters riven:
 Ours is earth's captivity,
 Thine the liberty of heaven.
 Brother! hear the strains we raise,
 Mingled hymns of joy and praise.

Brother! in thy last sharp pain,
 When the Angel spoke in thunder,
 Christ, the Conqueror, again
 Burst death's prison-bars asunder!
 Raise the song of triumph high:
 Grave! where is thy victory?

Vain the seal, and vain the tomb,
 When they sought to stay the sleeper;
 Vain the watch in midnight gloom,
 Vain the mourning of the weeper:
 Seal and tomb, and watch and sword
 Fled before the living Lord.

Brother! in thine upward flight
 Bear no parting words of sadness;
 Earth shall herald thee to light
 With her holiest hymns of gladness;
 • We, bereaved though we be,
 Praise our loving God for thee.

THE NIXIE.

"The Nixies were water-spirits that were believed to sit nightly by the rivers and lakes of Germany, mourning for the redemption that was promised to man, but denied to them."

I heard a cry in the still twilight,
When the aspens danced in the breath of night,
And the placid sheen of the cold moonlight
Came down in a silver flood ;
When its brilliant hues had left the West
As the sun sank down to his watery rest,
And the towering height of the mountain crest
Lost its last stain of blood.

Close by, the turbulent sea lay spread,
Like a mighty sheet of molten lead,
And the foam that had whitened his hoary head
Had died in his calm repose.
But mightier still, and still more nigh,
With peaks that shot up to the uppermost sky,
The hills loomed mightily, grand and high,
Like warriors watching their foes.

It came with a sad, mellifluous flow,
And the sound of a wailing, deep and low,
Till it maddened to shrieks of the bitterest woe,
Like a spirit that wrestled with pain ;
And echo woke up from her rock-nursed sleep
And shouted them out from valley and steep,
Till they writhed and moaned o'er the startled deep,
That roared back an answering strain.

But the spirit-like voice, so woe-begone,
Through the dark'ning night went solemnly on,
Till it wearied of earth, and fled up to the throne
Of Eternal Majesty.

Struggling, and fighting, and laden with care,
It laboured up through the star-lit air,
Bearing aloft its agonized prayer
To Him who dwelleth on high.

"All round a happy silence reigns;
Thy love is brooding o'er the plains,
Thy love upon the hills:
The forests know thy calm, O Lord;
Thy sleep is on the flowery sward,
Thy blessing on the rills.

E'en thy rebellious creature, man,
Whose sins with earliest life began,
Looks to the promised rest;
But we who sinned have fall'n for aye,
No tears may wash our guilt away,
We never may be blest.

The meanest things have hope; but we,
Though Time itself shall cease to be,
May never respite know:
For us no blood has e'er been shed;
For us no God has bowed his head,
And trod the earth below:
O Thou, who liv'st enthroned on high,
Take back this immortality,
This heritage of woe."

It died away, with a long-drawn sigh;
But the clouds rolled back from the pitying sky,
And sweet from the throne of God's Majesty
Came words of pardon and peace.
Spirit of woe, hear the will of Heaven:
Thy tears are accepted, thy past forgiven,
And the chain that bound thee to earth is riven;
Cease to mourn; Spirit, cease.

MORNING HYMN.

Lo ! the solemn night has past,
Day hath dawned on earth at last,
And around me sounds the voice,
Bidding all thy works rejoice ;
Yet for me my rest has gone,
Comes my battle with the sun :
Master ! as I greet the light,
Arm me for the coming fight.

As this morn I leave my bed
Snares on every side are spread,
Evil spirits in their wrath
Lie in wait around my path.
In the weary contest, Lord,
Guide me by thy mighty word ;
Quell the foeman's haughty boasts ;
Give me strength, O Lord of Hosts.

Lord ! through many a long past day
Sin hath led my feet astray ;
Now I know my feebleness,
Now I dread the wilderness.
When the wolves of sin are nigh,
Hear the pack's accursed cry :
Shepherd, let Thy power keep
Me, a wand'ring, feeble sheep.

Through the darkness, as I slept,
Me Thy tender love hath kept ;
As Thou then didst ward off ill,
Through the daylight keep me still ;

Though I hail the light again,
Sin is worse than dying pain :
Thou, who on the cross didst bleed,
Help me in my utmost need.

And when on a brighter day
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
And the light that breaks on me
Shine through all eternity,—
Through the blood that opens Heaven,
Saviour! be my sins forgiven ;
Father! wake me from my sleep ;
Shepherd! claim Thine erring sheep.

A PARODY.

A life on the ocean wave
Was never the life for me ;
When the scattered waters rave,
I'd rather not be on the sea.
Like an eagle caged I pine,
But not for the sea, but the shore ;
Oh, hang all the flashing brine,
The storm, and the tempest's roar.
Oh, a life on the ocean wave
Was never the life for me ;
When the scattered waters rave,
I'd rather not be on the sea.

You've scarce been an hour on board
When you lie like a log of dead wood ;
The dinner is seen and abhorred,
For you wouldn't eat meat if you could.
You go on the deck for fresh air,
And you sit in the piercing wind ;
But the "ocean-wave" follows you there,
And you're drenched both before and behind.
Oh, a life on the ocean wave
Was never the life for me, &c.

The waters rise higher and higher,
The clouds are beginning to frown,
And were I at home by the fire
I'd say, " Let the storm come down ! "

And the song of my heart should be,
To such geese as had left the shore,—
“How like you the heaving sea,
The storm, and the tempest’s roar?”
Oh, a life on the ocean wave
Was never the life for me, &c.

Oh, it’s all very well, when on land,
To sing of the sea and all that;
But, when once you’ve left sight of the strand,
You’ll alter your tune, and that’s flat.
Young ladies, who ne’er were at sea,
Of its beauties and pleasures may rave;
But, if once on a vessel, like me,
How they’d loathe every “ocean wave!”
Oh, a life on the ocean wave
Was never the life for me;
When the scattered waters rave,
I’d rather not be on the sea.

WORK.

Ever there goeth up to the heavens the same sad tale,—
The complaint of weakness, seeking relief in a womanish wail ;
And hearts borne down in life's war, with troubles and griefs oppressed.
Send up the querulous cry of weariness, asking for rest.

Rest ! there is none but in labour, for labour alone bringeth peace ;
And the mind that is wearied with toil hath bidden its sorrows cease.
Away with the maudlin doctrines they fain would teach in schools,—
Dreams of philosophers, follies of women, ravings of fools.

Work ye ! for all things work,—the greatest as well as the small ;
E'en He, the Mighty One, toiled,—the Lord and Creator of all,—
When through the gathered darkness of ages the mandate came,
And the sun shone on boiling seas, and mountains that melted in flame.

Is there no other refuge ? None : what else would we crave ?
Love may be lasting, or not, and friendship be broke by the grave.
Everything else bringeth sorrow,—love, hatred, or hope, or fear,
But the soul that lives only in work, neither trouble nor woe cometh near.

Set ye to work with a will ! The anchor that drags on the sands
Is raised by the cheerful song that lends strength to the sturdy hands ;
And the curse that, when Adam fell, was first pronounced on the sod,
Sturdily grappled with, yieldeth rest,—the blessing of God.

THE DOVE.

O'er a cool, limpid fount bent a beautiful dove;
The blue arch of heaven was shining above,
And the lark fluttered up with a carol of love.

Thousands of flowers were blooming around;
Dew-drops lay glittering over the ground;
And the stream trickled by with a musical sound.

But the dove of this beautiful scene beheld nought;
The crystalline water her shadow had caught,
And *only that image* her soft glances sought.

And a murmur stole forth from the neighbouring grove,
A murmur of plaintive, petitioning love;
But no tender response gave the beautiful dove.

Like an effigy skilfully carved out of stone,
Fixed, she leaned o'er the brink of the fountain alone;
And she moved not when forth from the grove came a moan.

But swiftly the brightness of summer-noon passed;
The blue arch of heaven a cloud overcast,
And there came the cold-rain and the pitiless blast.

The gay landscape changed to a vision of gloom;
The flowers were robbed of their sweetness and bloom;
And the rude tempest ruffled the dove's tender plume,

And she made by the fountain her sorrowful moan;
In its chilled, troubled waters her changed image shone;
And she pined there forgotten, and sighed there alone.

Lady-love, listen! the moral is strong:
The dove's emblematic of many a one;
The moan, that deep feeling affection has strung.

CHILDHOOD.

Blushes are on the snow

Where the Western sun is dying,
And night comes creeping above and below,

And the evening breeze is sighing ;
I sit by my little one's bed
Watching her quiet sleep,
While around on the fire-lit wall and o'erhead
The flickering shadows creep ;

Watching the blaze that streams

From the ruddy lips of the fire,
And my child that sleeps while its mother dreams
Of her darling babe and its sire—

What in the days to come,
Shall my own little one be ?
The pride and the joy of her happy home,
And her God's to eternity ?

How sweetly the downcast lid

On the sleeping eye reposes,
And the bloom of her cheek, half seen, half hid,
Gleams like the buds of roses.

The little hand is at rest,
Under the golden hair,
And the snow-white coverlet over her breast
Seems scarce with her breath to stir.

What does my baby see,

That a smile comes over her face ?
Does my pretty one think of her father and me,
And her little sister's grace ?

What childish fancy pleases her now
That she looks so sweet and mild,
And brightens up from lip to brow,
With the grave calm smile of a child ?

A smile, and nothing more,
Quiet and soft, and seldom seen,
Stealing like summer breezes o'er,
And leaving the baby face serene ;
A ripple upon the wave,
Fading away in the joy of its birth,
And leaving the water calm and grave,
In a beauty not known by earth.

Is she not mine, God-given ?
And now, when she laughs in her dreams, I know
Her angel speaks with her Father in heaven,
Of her who sees Him in visions below :
I gaze with awe, and with half-stayed breath,
For methinks, not faintly shadowed, I trace
The peace that I pray may be hers till death,
And the joy that rests on an angel's face.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Oh, let me dream for awhile
Under the winter sky,
Dream of the light of a vanished smile,
And the hope of a day gone by :
Dream of a lovely face,
And the grace of a lovely head,
And the form that I clasped in a fond embrace—
Let me dream for awhile of the dead.

Dead ! can it be I am here
Whispering this to my heart ?
Dead ! and I have not one welcome tear
To soften the inward smart ?
Dead ! and I cannot pray,
For I think of my love that is gone,
And the hope that was withered in one short day
Has blasted my heart to stone.

What have I left but to dream
Of my love that is laid in her rest,
To live as I lived, for my life's years seem
But an empty dream at the best ?
Everything round is still,
And white as a new made shroud,
From the snow-clad lea to the pines on the hill,
And the fleecy veil of the cloud.

Here on the snow I lie
Seeking a balm for care,
Looking up to the blank of the sky
And the blue of the fathomless air.

Hark! how the chill winds wail,
And shiver and moan in their flight,
What a depth of woe in the sorrowful tale
They tell in the ear of night.

What is it that makes them sad?
Do they miss the grace of the flowers?
And sigh for the time when their breath was glad
With the sweets of the summer hours.
Ye do well, chill winds, to rave,
For the day of your brides has fled,
The earth lies heavy and cold on their grave,
They are dead——and she too is dead!

II.

Swoon into sleep, oh Night,
For the air is heavy and still,
And the shimmering glance of the moonbeam's light
Comes down with a deadly chill.
Oh sink pale orb in the west,
Sink down in the west till I see
Her who lies cold in her last long rest
Waiting alone for me.

Last eve in my dreams the veil
Of the frost-bound earth was gone,
And I saw her lying all cold and pale
Like an angel fashioned in stone:
The glance that could give me life
Was asleep in the downcast eye,
But the rose of thy lips, oh love, oh wife!
Was bright with a smile from on high.

How sweet was her calm repose
And the smile that told of Heaven,
No passion, no tear, no fears, no woes,
But the bliss of sin forgiven.
I heard the flakes of the snow
Fall soft though the winter air,
And the foul worm crawl from his couch below,
But I knew that her God was there.

There, in the silent grave,
Whence everything else had fled,
Was the presence of Him who had died to save,
Watching the sleep of the dead.
There was the Lord of Hosts
Guarding the rest of my sweet,
And Death, with his conqueror's pride and boasts,
Crouched down at her Father's feet.

Let me dream thus again
Seeing her under the sward :
What better relief for my heavy pain,
Than to know her there with her Lord ?
Farewell for a time, dear love,
Methinks I have much to learn
For a strange light moves in the heavens above,
And a voice that bids me return.

III.

Over all the shrouded mountain reigns the death-like calm of sleep
Hushed the murmur of the fountain, and the winds have ceased to weep,
Not a moan or voice of sighing echoes through the silent night,
And the western moon lies dying in a flood of silver light :

But where yonder stars reclining on their thrones gleam bright and clear
Strange mysterious rays are shining, and a rustle strikes my ear,
Comes a whisper pure and saintly, as of angels speaking low,
Comes a lustre pale and faintly, gleaming o'er the sparkling snow.

Now retreating, now advancing, seeming now to faint and die,
Tongues of lambent fire are glancing o'er the azure of the sky,
Rustling as the flags when nation meeteth nation in the fight,
Lo ! the wonder of creation ! lo ! the solemn Northern Light !

Once I heard its wondrous story, and it fell upon my soul
Full of might and awful glory, like the sound where planets roll,
Bearing me where Jordan poureth down his waters with a shout,
And the palm tree upward soareth, and the desert opens out,

Back through all the lapse of ages to the bygone days of old,
Turning over Hist'ry's pages, rich with purer wealth than gold,
When with travel worn and weary, torn with many an anxious pang,
Slept through all the midnight dreary, he from whom a nation sprang

In his dreams (as I am dreaming) there he saw a wondrous stair,
Formed of waving fire and streaming through the regions of the air,
Thoughts of earth and heaven blending in its flood of loving light,
And the angel shapes, descending and ascending through the night ;

As he rose the morn was breaking, and its glories bathed his head—
“ God was with me till my waking and I knew it not,” he said,
“ God was near me and around me, and I heard the angel's song,
' But the sleep of Earth had bound me, and its chain was very strong.

But the dream has left its traces, and the ladder gleams on high
When the northern meteor races o'er the sleeping of the sky,
And the souls of the departed, whispering in the rustling air,
Speak unto the broken-hearted comfort in their dull despair.

And our God is always nigh us, nigh in every time and spot,
Though His presence sweepeth by us, and we dream and know it not,
Lo ! my wife is in the Heaven, though her clay be 'neath the sword.
And the sleep of earth is riven in the Bethel of the Lord.

THANKSGIVING.

The heavens are telling of Thy glory, Lord !
 The firmament declares Thy power Most High !
 From rocky crag, from flower-bestudded sward,
 A song of triumph rings into the sky :
 A song that echoes through the boundless space
 Where angels bow the knee and veil the face ;
 Methinks I hear it now—
 “ Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, is the cry,
 “ Lord God, art Thou.”

II.

All round the dawn comes blushing from the sea,
 The great white clouds are edged with gold and red
 And still the flaming daylight silently
 Creeps on and on, and glances over head.
 The sun
 Comes from the bridal chambers of the east,
 (Leaving awhile the highly favoured lands
 Where rivers run
 By groves of spice trees over golden sands,
 Mirroring on their way
 The glory of the huge earth-shaking beast,
 And gorgeous pheasants, and the yellow gleam
 Of tawny tigers waiting for their prey ;)
 Until his beam
 Wakes up anew from rest
 The towns and cornfields of the sleeping west,
 And gilding all the sullen mountain brow,
 Proclaims Thy praise :
 “ Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy !” cry his rays,
 “ Lord God, art Thou !”

III.

He sinks to rest, and over all the plains

Night spreads her dusky mantle, tinged with grey,
All things are still, and solemn silence reigns,
Save where the moon pursues her endless way.

The raving of the deep
Dies in a hollow murmur, and the breeze,
Wearied with playing, rocks itself to sleep
Among the tresses of the trees;
But where the great round moon, in floods of light
Like molten silver, surges on the night,
The angels hear her song of praise, and bow
With reverence as she sweeps along:
"Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy," is her song,
"Lord God, art Thou."

IV.

He giveth snow like wool, and sendeth forth
Hoar frost like ashes; and the crystal spears
Of diamond-pointed ice, from out the North,
Come at his mandate, and the frozen tears
Of Heaven drop down like morsels. At His word
They melt away like vapour, so
He bloweth with his winds, and lo!
The sparkling rills beneath the ice interred
Rise from the dead, and myriad waters flow:
And ever as they rush into the sea,
From cataract leaping down the mountain brow
And little brooks that babble through the lea
Still the same melody!
"Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy," do they cry,
"Lord God, art Thou."

THANKSGIVING,

V.

Deep in the bosom of the snow-clad plain
 To outward seeming dead,
 The little grain
 Hides in the lap of earth its buried head.
 No sounds disturb its quiet: not the light,
 Laden with life and heat, can bid it rise
 From out the darkness of its night
 Unto the loving skies:
 The air
 All chilled and frozen, passes o'er its tomb,
 But comes not nigh, and yet within the gloom
 Thou, Lord, art there
 Watching (for naught is small before Thine eyes,
 And Thine all loving care
 Is over all Thy works) the little seed,
 Until the time come when it shall be freed,
 And then
 Thou call'st it forth, and lo! the pale green blade
 Has, having heard Thy mandate, Lord, obeyed,
 And, in the sight of men,
 Has lifted up its tender head, and now
 Joins in the universal symphony,
 "Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy," is the cry,
 "Lord God, art Thou."

VI.

 And so
 Thy winds come to it, and the heavens o'erflow
 With untold riches on it, dropping down
 A wealth of fatness on the golden crown
 Of ripening ears that catch the summer sun,
 And drink in turn the dews of eve, until

The appointed time be run,
And fertile hill
And plain are smiling with the yellow corn;
The morn
Gleams on them, as it glances on the sea
That ripp'les in the sunlight, and the night
Brings in upon the lea
The full orb'd harvest moon in floods of light,
And from the rugged bough
Of elms beside the corn, the robin sings
Thy praise, oh God of all created things
Joining the melody.
"Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy," is the cry,
"Lord God, art Thou."

VII.

The Heavens declare Thy glory, oh Most High—
No speech, no language dwells among the host
Of starry worlds that make in Thee their boast,
Yet from the boundless sky
Where myriad planets in their orbits roll,
Through all the lands
Their sound goes forth with power, from pole to pole,
To Artic snows and torrid sands,
Where, when the fiery day
Dies slowly from the thirsty sod,
The hungry lions roaring for their prey
Seek food from thee, O God.
The sea
Lifts up his tossing waves on high, and roars
A diapason of deep melody
With crash on crash upon the sounding shores
That thunder back again
The never-dying strain

" All Thy works praise Thee, Earth and Heaven above

" From day to day, and hour to hour

" Give thanks unto Thee for Thine endless love

" And boundless power :

" All Thy works praise Thee: good it is and right

" That we should laud Thy name by day and night,

" Most Powerful !

" Most Merciful !

" Most Holy Lord ! that through eternity

" Shall reign wher. we

" Shall cease to be ;

" Yet till the time be come when we shall die,

" With loving awe before Thy throne we bow

" Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, all things cry,

" Lord God, art thou."

NEW YEAR.

Deep night on the dreaming sky—
Night, frost-struck, sleeping in deadly chill,
No cloud, nor phantom of mist on high,
And crisp snow sparkling on vale and hill :
The great moon glares, as a dead man's eye
Gleams in its passionless winter bound,
The stars as the frost comes sweeping by
Shimmer and shake in the blue profound,
And the voice of silence all around,
Coming from near and coming from far,
From frozen river, and ice veiled scar,
Is droning into the listening ear
" Lo Death is here ! "

II.

Death ! for the old year dies,
The sad old year that brought us woe ;
Place for the next ! Let another arise,
And let the old year go.
Why should we mourn ? He brought us naught
But days with trouble and sorrow fraught,
And cares that fed on the heart within,
And sin.
Let him go.

III.

Death ! for the old year dies !
Toll, oh bells, till the time be past,
Ring it out to the pitying skies,
The dear old year is flitting fast.

The dear, dear year—our year—shall we
 Ever have such another as he ?
 Grant that his days were tempest-wild
 His very birth with sorrow begun,
 The Father, *because* He loves the child,
 Chastens His son.

IV.

Oh dear sad year, and must we part,
 Sad year, in which I saw my love
 Mount to a happier realm above
 Leaving behind a broken heart
 Dear year, my last surviving friend,
 Dear with her presence, in her death
 Sacred till I give up the breath
 Leave me not. "All things have an end."
 "An end, but not an end—The type
 Fades in its season, yet survives,
 In its fulfilment—so the lives
 That perish die when they are ripe"
 "Yet live by death. The old year dies
 And lives in its successor, so
 Ring out, oh bells, across the snow
 The dead year born to happier skies."
 Yes! death is but a passing strife,
 And deepest night but brings the day;
 Tho' all things alter and decay,
 All things are brought again to life.
 And therefore ring the marriage peal
 Of Life and Death, whose union
 Is blessed by hope, and brings a son,
 Another year. For weal, or woe?
 Ring out, oh new year's bells, in trust
 Come weal, come woe, yet what care I?
 He lives, who ever reigns on high,
 And He is merciful and just.

EUTHANASIA.

I heard a voice that rang throughout the night
When clouds were brooding sadly over-head,
A voice that clave the gloom on waves of light,
And came where I was lain and shouted " Write,
 " How blessed are the dead."
All round I heard the sobbing of the trees,
 The gloomy pines that darkened on the height,
I heard the wailing of the mournful breeze
 That whispered dirges in the ear of night,
 And, over all,
With eyes that pierced the darkness I could view
 The tristful waterfall,
(For ever moaning as it sought the depths below)
 Decking its glassy sheet of blackest hue
With clots of foam that gleamed like virgin snow,
 Loom like a maiden's pall.
And while I wept with sorrow at the sight
 There came a voice that spake to me and said
 " Rise up and write
 How blessed are the Dead ! "
Far off, the surging of the troubled deep
 Mellowed by distance fell upon my ears
With sounds that rang like sobs and heart wrung tears
 From those who see a loved one's last long sleep :
Methinks at night all nature seems to sigh,
 And cower to earth, and speak beneath her breath
Of that dread tale that tells how all must die,
 And how that sleep is but the type of Death ;
 And I—
 I too could weep,

And pour down dust and ashes on my head,

But that the voices with resistless might
Cease not, but come to where I lie, and cry

“ Thus saith the Spirit, ‘ Write—

“ How blessed are the dead ! ’ ”

Dead ! yet we loved her,—Oh remorseless grave ;

That ever tear’st our priceless gems away,
If love be powerless, what avails to save

Thy destined prey ?

Firm friend, dear sister, loving child, pure maid,

And fairer than the fairest flower ;

All these was she, and yet they naught delayed

The inevitable hour.

How have we wrestled with our God, and prayed,

As once the prophet prayed in days of yore,
That He would listen from His throne above,

And leave a little while our precious love,
Ere she too should go hence and be no more.

Now all is o’er—

We lose the light that gladdened all our eyes,

The life God gave to strengthen ours and bless,
And now the Spirit comes to us and cries,

“ Earth has one angel less

“ But Heaven has one the more.”

I hear the word,

Blessed are those that die in Thee, oh Lord ;
Their works shall follow them, but they shall rest
Where naught can trouble them upon Thy breast.

Well hath the Spirit said

“ Write, blessed, blessed, blessed, are the dead
That die, oh Lord, in Thee.”

And we,

While she was one
Among us strove with Thee, like him of old,

Israel's sweet singer, yearning for his son,
 Now she is gone,
 And lies within her coffin pale and cold,
 The victory is won, the battle o'er,
 We strive no more,
 But, bowing to the ground the stricken head
 All faint and bleeding from the desperate fight,
 We listen to the spirit saying " Write,
 " How blessed are the dead !
 Oh everlasting portals of the sky
 Lift up your heads, and be ye swung aside
 Ye gates, and be ye lifted up on high,
 That He, the Lord of Hosts, may enter in—
 The Lord of Hosts that comes with pomp and pride,
 And martial pageant, from his strife with Sin ;
 The Lord of Hosts, omnipotent to save,
 The Lord that sets the captive free,
 And tears from Death his victory,
 His triumph from the Grave.
 Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
 And be ye swung asunder far and wide—
 Outside your King, the King of Glory waits,
 The King of Glory coming with his bride ;
 The King that rends the iron chains asunder,
 That hears the crying of the tortured slave,
 That speaks His will to Death in tones of thunder,
 That says ' Give up my children' to the grave—
 Upon the wind, upon the wind He rides,
 The blood red-lightning crouches at His feet,
 The clouds of Heaven are round where He abides
 Thick clouds of darkness veil His judgment seat.
 The sea lies in the hollow of His hand,
 The deep set mountains tremble at his nod,
 His pinions cover sky and sea and land,
 The Heavens declare Thy glory, God.

But earth, more highly favoured, boasts
Through anguish, death, and grief, and ill,
Her *Saviour* is the Lord of Hosts,
Her *King*, the King of Glory still.
What though our loved one leave us here,
To mourn her loss and deck her tomb,
Ours is no sadness dark and drear,
Ours is no unbelieving gloom;
He, who doeth all things right,
Whispers to the bowed-down head,
‘ Rise up and write,
“ Blessed, oh Lord, of all things, are thy dead.”

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT."

The air is heavy and still,
The dark pines sleep on the snowy height,
The dull wind, wrapt in a deadly chill,
No longer waileth sadly and shrill
Under the winter night—
The great streams clang, and shiver, and cry
In the throes of their heavy agony,
Whirling down in mad career
With voice of anger, and scream of fear,
Blocks of crystal and icy spear
Unto an ice-clad sea.
Yet ever amid the ceaseless dash
Of great waves billowing up in light,
With roar on roar, and crash on crash,
A voice calls out to me,
"Watchman, what of the night?"

"Watchman, what of the night? look round,"
Methinks I hear in the East afar,
Dim and faint, as the hurricane's sound
Before it cometh with clash and jar,
Roll of cannon and mutter of war,
Squadrons arming stern and fast,
To face the storm as it sweepeth past,
Whispers of men, and maids in fear
Because of the Horror that draweth near
What of the night, O Angel? Lo!
What bringeth night but death and woe?

" Watchman, what of the night ? " Behold
I see a land that is bought and sold,
Sold to oppression, and bought with gold
Wrung from the sweat of slavery
To fatten a land that boasts her free;
Her people walk, as those in sleep
Who see a Horror upon them creep
And strive and struggle, and fight in vain
Against the dread that comes on amain.
Second to none in knowledge and power,
They lie like sheep in their night's dark hour.
What of the night ? what can there be
But tears, and sorrow, and misery.

" Look up, O Watchman.—What of the night ?"
The clouds that were slumbering far away
In misty masses and wreaths of grey,
Leap to life at the coming light ;
Bathed at first in the awful flood
That dyes all Heaven with streaks of blood,
They faint at last in the golden stream
That tells of the morning's first glad beam,
The night is ordered by Him above ;—
" Oh ! Angel, what of the night but love ?

